# Don't be a Square

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# Don't be a Square

by AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Summary

Mob man, Will Graham, is in for a surprise when his Boss, Bedelia Du Maurier, asks him to take her husband out for the evening while she's out of town.

Notes

Welcome to our Pulp Fiction inspired Hannigram AU. We've borrowed a few aspects from the movie Pulp Fiction and then let it run its course in our imagination from there. Some things are made up, or not statistically sound, it's fiction! Like what you see? Please join us for updates on Tumblr!

# Chapter 1

Leaving Europe was hard, but not as hard as it had been to leave the states five years prior. Will Graham left his dogs with a friend, they did skype and video chats, and he sent money over for them to be fed, and by the time he returned two had died and the others returned to him happily. Will lived out in the middle of nowhere just to keep the dogs happy, or so he told himself and others. After settling back in, his phone lit up with a text from his boss, Du Maurier. A bitch of a woman if he ever met one, but she paid his salary, handsomely, and no one could beat it. After all, he just spent five years overseas making deal for her for the bed drugs deals someone like her could want. With connections made, Will was back and ready to do the grittier parts of his work.

Throwing back two fingers of whiskey, Will glared at his phone when it lit up for a second time. He thumbed over the call button and brought the device to his ear as he swallowed the amber liquid, burning sweetly down his throat.

“William,” Du Maurier purred into the phone, seductive enough Will could almost see the shade of red lipstick clearly in his mind. “I trust you’re home safe and sound?”

“Yup,” Will answered, setting the glass down in the sink. He slipped off his boots and started to dress down out of his flannel shirt and khakis. He was being called into work, he could tell by her tone. That was fine-- just fine.

“Good. I have a few favors to ask of you,” she said, quaintly, the clacking of her expensive heels could be heard over the speakerphone she had set him on as she paced her house.

“Favors. As in more than one?”

“Yes. Is that a problem?”

“Not at all.”

There was a pause before she continued, and Will took that moment to slipped on a dress shirt, setting his own phone down and hit the speaker button. She cleared her throat. “You may not know, but I married in your absence, it was a shame you couldn’t come. However, you’ll get to know my husband soon enough. I’d like you to take him to dinner and whatever else he’d like to do. I have to go down to Florida for some business in the next few days. He’s… he gets bored.”

“Bored?” Will wrinkled his nose, pulling his slacks on, doing up his belt.

“He requires high grades of attention constantly, but I’m afraid I can’t bring him with me this time.”

“So, you want me to take your *husband* to dinner,” Will reaffirmed.

“You don’t show favoritism to one sex or the other, I figured you were a better suit than another woman,” Bedelia offered casually. “I trust you more than anyone else, Will. I know he’ll be in excellent hands.”

“You know I wouldn’t refuse you,” was Will’s answer. “What’s the other favor?”

“Jack is on his way to you. I need you both to go get something from a few men who failed to deliver.”

Will smiled and licked his teeth, looking his 1911a1 auto ordnance .45 ACP pistol, with deer antler trim, on the counter. “Back in action. I’ll be ready.”

“Thank you,” she said, sweetly, and then hung up.

Will finished dressing, pulling on his dress shoes and then his jacket, tie done up. He stuffed his gun in his the back of his pants, held there by his belt, and made sure his suit jacket

covered it. He wet his hair and tried to fix it the best he could, and then fed the dogs. Once he heard the engine of Jack Crawford's '74 Chevy Nova rolling up the drive, Will stepped out of the house, locked it up, and walked up to the passenger side of the car and got in.

"Long time no see, Jack," he said, rolling the window down a bit.

Jack was adjusting his STAR Model B gun 9mm, making sure it set right in his pants and gave a stone cold nod to Will. It wasn't fucking personal, he respected Graham but Crawford wasn't a man of much emotion, unless propelled by it, which was often by anger and passion. "About time you got back, man," Jack said, his lips quirking a brief smile as smoothed out his dress shirt and pulled the gear shift down to drive off. "Tell me about what you've been up to out there? I hear shit is really different in France."

"Food is a little different," Will admitted, "the wine is better, but our beer is better by far." Will smiled, arm leaned up against the door panel, watching the scenery as they started to drive off his land and back toward the main road.

Jack gripped the steering wheel with one hand, the other resting against the window as he cut his eyes over to Will and nodded. "Yeah? Alright, give me an example," he requested, his words deep and powerful.

"Of a difference?" Will asked, but didn't wait for the answer, he shrugged. "You know, like, uh, how people think of Paris and poodles? It's wrong, there's no poodles. I mean I saw one, but they just have dogs like we do. They aren't all poodles."

Laughing at that for a second, Jack shook his head, taking a right at the light. "That's some bullshit, we've got it all wrong," he agreed, and steeled his dark gaze on the road. "Not all poodles...Mm."

"Not all poodles," Will reaffirmed, rubbing his hand over his thighs once. "You can get beer at any fast food joint, too."

Jack looked over at Will again, incredulously and back to the road again. "God damn," he said, taking the last left--the street they needed to be on. "They have liquor too?"

"Nah, just beer and wine," Will said, hand on the door handle as they came up to the parking lot of an apartment complex, dingy and dirty, the sort of place a dumb kid trying to rip off their boss would be hiding out.

"Can't have it all," Jack said and cut off the car. He got out and shut the door with a thud, pausing to wait for Will. "Would've been better to have shotguns for a job like this…"

"Too much noise," Will said, checking his gun once more and then slipped it back into this pants, walking into the complex with Jack at his side. "We keep it quiet, we go in, we stir 'em up, probably some stupid kid."

"Probably, never underestimate the fucking stupid though," Jack said, feeling for his gun as they walked in. "Might be as many as five in here."

“Five dumb kids against two of us? I like our odds,” Will said, going to the elevator and punching the button. He waited a beat and got in, letting Jack hit the floor number. “So Du Maurier calls me just before you show up. Asked me for a favor.”

Jack pushed the button and then, continuing to look straight ahead, put his hands in his pockets. “Oh yeah? What she want from you this time?” he asked, as the elevator ascended upwards, jerking a bit.

“Besides this? For me to take out her husband for dinner and all that,” Will explained, hands clasped in front of him, waiting. He still felt weird about taking someone else’s spouse out for a… date.

“What?” Crawford asked, with loud surprise, though it was more a statement than a question. He turned to Will and looked at him seriously. “Listen, man, you just go and do the minimal. Did you hear what happened to Anthony Dimmond? Uh, that cat that went by the name of Shakespeare?”

“The weird one with the scarfs and read poetry to his victims?” Will asked, brows raised.

“That's the fucking one,” Jack said as the doors opened and they walked out onto the desired floor. “Word is, though most don't talk about the whole bag, that he was bent right out of shape, killed, and turned into some sort of crazy ass heart sculpture when he was found to be reciting poetry to boss lady’s boy toy.”

“No joke…” Will frowned a little, though amused. “Bedelia did that?” She could be cruel, but he never thought she was the... artistic type.

“Do I look like I'm fucking joking? You just watch yourself so you don't end up like that poor fuck,” Jack said, walking down the hall, shoes clacking quietly. “If you ask me, that's no reason to kill a man…wasn't like they fucked.”

“Must have been pretty terrible poetry,” Will murmured, pulling his gun as they stopped at the door, waiting. They could knock, or…

Will and Jack both kicked the door right open, locks broken right off. They walked in and shut the door, staring at three men and one dog sitting on the floor by the couch, where one guy was lounging about.

Jack drew his gun and pointed it, a small smile on his face as he walked in further with a confident swagger. “Hey kids, don't get up on account of us, please, *by all means,* keep chilling just as you are…”

Walking by the dog, Will made a noise at it, and it got up and followed him to the next room as Will made sure no one else was hiding out in the apartment. “We’re clear,” he said, looking at the three men, one half hidden by the door, which Will kept his eye on as the door wagged at him. Will fished a treat from his pocket and gave it to the dog.

“Wh-who are you guys?” The guy at the table asked, trying not to shake.

“The better question is who is Du Maurier?” Jack glowered, the facade of friendliness gone as he walked over the guy at the table and leveled his gun on the shaking man. “Do you know who she is, son?”

“A… a very powerful woman?” the kid asked, instead of stating it, and Will glanced at Jack, shaking his head, taking in the room.

Jack gave Will a quick look back and then without a glance, angled his arm back and shot the young man on the couch as he kept his eyes on the one in front of him. “You don't know? Are you unclear on who the *fuck* it is you stole from, boy?”

“B-Bedelia Du Maurier,” the kid said, shaking now, glancing at his dying friend and the one still huddled in a corner.

“There we go, see? You remember just fine,” Jack said, and then shot him. Why drag it out. They had a job to do, so he did it. He'd let Will handled the one in the corner and he told his partner this much with a silent glance.

Will sighed, and gathered the other one up, patting him down, but he had nothing on him. “Where’s the case?”

“What case?” the one remaining kid asked.

“*The* case. You know. Find it.” Will pushed the kid along, who lead him to the kitchen, and pulled it out from a cupboard and handed it to Will.

Will took it, opened it with a few flicks over the combo code. Satisfied he closed it, putting his gun to the kid’s head, motioning him out. They were going to need a someone to fess up for this mess, and Du Maurier was going to want to give him special treatment.

Pleased, Jack nodded, and opened the door as the dog seemed to stay by Will. He sighed to himself but didn't say anything. “Let’s get this fool back to the Boss Lady and Will, don't worry about the dog…”

“I’m not leaving the dog here. Who will take care of him?” Will said, walking out with the man, they made their way down to the main floor and out to the car. He shoved him into the back and let the dog sit with him in the front.

Jack wasn't surprised at Will keeping the dog really, so he just got in and started the car up, before putting it into drive and heading out of the parking lot. “How many’s that make now, Graham?”

“Two died while I was gone, so this still puts me under the seven I had five years ago,” Will explained, watching the kid in the back, gun trained on him carefully.

“I don't get how anyone needs that many dogs, but hey man, whatever you want to do,” Jack said, making a turn to the left. “I like dogs, don't get me wrong, as long as they're behaved.”

“Mine are always behaved,” Will insisted, giving the dog another treat. He always came prepared with treats in his pocket of some kind.

“Seven dogs is a lot,” the kid in back said and Will turned, gun trained on him.

“Did we ask you?”

“N-no…”

“Then shut the fuck up,” Will grunted, just as they went over a bump and his finger pressed the trigger, blowing blood, brain matter, and skull fragments all over the back seat of Jack’s car.

Jack looked in the rear view and then over at Will, eyes widening. “What was that? How are we going to drive this on the road with blood and brains all over the backseat? *Shit!”*

“It was an accident!” Will said, cringing. “Don’t we know that guy? Few blocks from here? We can park there and call Du Maurier.”

“Yeah, yeah, Zeller and Price,” Jack said, exhaling loudly, all but growling and turned down a side road. “Just had this car detailed too!”

Will felt bad, of course, but accidents happen. “I’ll pay for another,” he promised.

“No, it's okay, Will, it wasn't as though you did it on purpose,” Jack said, pulling out his phone and dialing Zeller. He let him know they were coming then hung up. “They're expecting us.”

“I'm sure they're thrilled,” Will sighed, looking down at his hands and suit, covered in blood and bone fragments.

Jack had a bit of brain in his hair as he lit up a cigarette and took a deep pull, blowing it out the window as he drove. “Overjoyed,” he said and then turned down the road the two other men lived on. “But they'll do it.”

“And if they don't?” Will asked, taking out his own homemade rolled cigarettes, and lit one up.

“Then we call Boss lady,” Jack answered, simply, puffing on his smoke before flicking the ashes out the window.

They arrived, parking the bloody car in Zeller’s driveway as they both walked out of the house, Zeller looking annoyed. Price sauntered out behind his boyfriend and arched a brow as he surveyed the scene.

“Well it looks like you boys have gotten into quite the messy situation,” Jimmy said, sassy in his tone as he made a face at the car.

“We're sorry to inconvenience you with this but we needed a place to lay low until this is handled” Crawford said, putting his dark sunglasses on.

Zeller sneered at Will, who gave the man a quizzical brow, snubbing out his cigarette on the pavement. Zeller shook his head. “We can't have a murder car sitting in our driveway.”

“It would be the scandal of the neighborhood,” Jimmy added, hands on his hips.

“We know that,” Jack said, serious but not unkind. “And we appreciate it. Can we come in while I call Du Maurier so this car can get out of your driveway?”

“Let’s move it to the garage,” Zeller sighed, hands on his hips, motioning for Jack to move the car as he went to open up the garage.

Will followed Price inside with the dog in tow, looking around, keeping mostly to himself.

As Jack was moving the car into the garage, Price stared at Will, assessing. He leaned against the counter and kept a hand on his hip. “So who was it that caused the brain splatter? You or Mr. Stoneface?”

“Technically me,” Will sighed, wiping brain matter off his face, nonchalantly. “Hit a bump, and my finger slipped.”

“I've heard of having to deal with bumps in one's road before but you took it to a literal place,” Jimmy chuckled, his eyes gleaming with mirth. “Want some coffee?”

“Coffee would be great,” Will said, rubbing his hands together, itching for another cigarette, but he figured he’d wait that one out until later.

“You're in for a treat,” Jimmy beamed, springing to life at that. He did so enjoy the opportunity to show off his rare coffee blend. The man started making it, humming a cheeky little tune as Jack walked in.

“The cleaner is on her way,” Jack said, scrubbing a hand over his face. “Coffee?”

“Would you like a cup? I think we should have one. Brian honey, would you like one?” Price asked, all but fluttering his lashes at his lover.

“Well, yeah,” Zeller said, staying close to Price, still giving Will a weary look.

Will looked at Jack. “Her?”

As Price smacked Zeller on the ass and made the coffees, Jack discreetly pinched the bridge of his nose in exhaustion. He gestured for Will to move off to the side with him. “Yes, she's on her way and should be here in ten minutes or so. She'll get the job done.”

Will only knew of one person around these parts that took care of jobs like this with just the drop of a phone call from the right boss. “The Wolf?”

“Yeah, the Wolf, Beverly Katz,” Jack explained, popping his knuckles. “Du Maurier called her for us.”

“Thank God,” Will said as a coffee was placed into each of their hands. Will thanked Price and sipped it slowly, despite still being covered in crime.

“Thanks Jimmy,” Jack said after nodding his agreement to Will.

“Mhm, oh you're both welcome. Two strapping bloody men in my kitchen, well, that definitely called for coffee. Do you like it?” Price asked both men, leaning on the counter, his gaze resting on Will.

“It’s perfect. Just what I needed,” Will said as Zeller wrapped his arm around his boyfriend, drawing his attention back to him.

“Don’t get used to it, you two are out of here as soon as she gets done,” Zeller all but sneered at them, mostly Will.

Jack rolled his eyes, when no one was looking, watching the little display. God, he hoped that the Wolf would get there soon. When Price leaned into his boyfriend and started toying with his shirt flirtatiously, he was about to make a swift exit. Luckily, there was a knock at the door.

“Will and I will give you two a moment while we get that,” the big man said and gestured to a his partner expectantly.

Will sighed and left, coffee in hand. “Thank god,” he murmured to Jack as they went to the door. Will opened it and a smaller framed, dark haired woman stood there and looked them over, one brow raised.

“Du Maurier wasn’t kidding,” she said, pushing her way in past the two men and shut the door. “Where’s the car?”

Jack finished his coffee and handed it to Price as he walked past, gesturing to the garage. “It's just out here. Thanks for coming so quickly.”

“Yeah, no problem,” Beverly said, following Jack out to the garage, Will close behind. Out in the garage, Beverly whistled low and shook her head. “I need sheets, blankets and whatever you have for cleaning.”

“This is a domesticated joint and Price is meticulous, I'll go get everything you need,” Jack said, respectfully and gave Will a look before walking away.

Will stood there awkwardly, finishing his drink before setting it down inside, and helped Jack get everything from the other two men. Five minutes later, they were watching Beverly clean up the windows and bottom of the car and before too much longer, she was covering the seats with sheets and blankets.

“This will do until we get it to the junk yard and crushed,” she explained taking off the gloves and throwing them into a trash bag. “As for you you two, I’m going to need your clothes.” She looked at the other two men watching. “Jimmy, Brian, if you have anything these two can borrow?”

Jack noted that she'd even got the body in the trunk, she was fast and her reputation was spot on. He looked as Price whispered something to Zeller and then nodded.

“I have *just* the thing,” Jimmy giggled, clearly giddy and then after a peck on Brian's cheek, he scampered off to go retrieve it, Zeller following after him with a shifted gaze back at the other two men.

Jack started taking off his clothing right away, looking to make sure Will was too. “Of course.”

Will stripped down as Beverly gave them both appraising stares and then held out the garbage bag to put it all in. She handed them each a bar of soap. “In the backyard. Let’s go. Just like lockup, boys.”

Jack walked right out into the privately enclosed yard as Jimmy returned with some outfits which he held behind his back. He started to soap up, with a sigh. “Alright, alright.”

Zeller offered the hose to Beverly, who took it and started to squirt the men down as they soaped up and got the bits of blood and brain off themselves. Neither Jack or Will were the type to be embarrassed, not with their backgrounds. Once finished, they were given towels to dry off.

As they dried off, Jimmy exposed the outfits- purple short shorts and tight white t-shirt for Will and a rainbow pride themed shirt and shiny bell bottoms for Jack. Price handed the outfit to both men, earning an incredulous look from the bigger of the two as he grinned.

“Oh I think you'll both look *fabulous* in these!”

Will stared at the clothes but put the shorts on first and then the shirt, bare underneath, he’d change later anyway. This was just for right now. Zeller grinned, watching the both of them suffer.

“Looking good, Graham,” Zeller snarked.

“Thanks…” Will sighed.

“Du Maurier is going to have a good ol’ time when she sees you two,” Beverly said, patting their backs. “Let’s get that car to the junkyard, gents.”

Jack let out a quiet grumble, smoothing out the flamboyant attire as he walked with Beverley and Will, the dog still following Will around faithfully.

“Good idea. Thanks for the clothes,” Crawford said, steeling his dark gaze in the two men and shaking his head. He chuckled a little though when he looked at Will--at least he hadn't been given short shorts.

“Bye, Fellas, have fun at the club!” Price added with a smirking grin.

“Don’t,” Will murmured to Jack as they walked into the garage to get the car, Beverly in her own car now as she sped off to meet them there. Zeller and Price waved them off, Zeller all too happy to see them go.

“The nerve of that little cocky ass fairy,” Jack said, following Beverly, heading towards the junkyard. He lit up a cigarette and tugged as his shirt before taking a drag.

“It’s fitting,” Will teased, with a cocked brow at Jack and leaned into the door. “Sorry about the loss of car. I’ll help ya get another.”

“Don't sweat it,” Jack said, with a small smile at the tease before he tapped the ash off his cigarette and looked over at Will. “Couldn't be helped and might have just as easily happened to me if you'd been driving.”

“Maybe,” Will said, with a sigh, shoulder heavily lifting and falling. “Doesn’t dismiss it. Off to the boss after this?”

“Fair enough,” Jack said with a nod as he puffed away on his smoke. “Yeah, I'm sure she'll want a briefing and then you'll need to get ready for your...date.”

“It’s not a date,” Will pointed out, leaning his arm on the door, head in his hand.

“Good, just keep that mentality,” Jack responded with a firm nod as he flicked the smoked down cigarette butt out the window.

“You’re worried I won’t?” Will asked, curiously, a brow raised toward Jack.

“From what I hear, Hannibal is a charmer,” Jack said, musing as he glanced at Will and then looked back at the road, turning down the street the junkyard was on. “But you're professional, so you'll be alright.”

“Hannibal? That’s his name?” Will rolled his eyes. What a name. He sighed heavily, nodding. “Yeah. It’s just entertainment. Boss’ husband is off the books.”

“Some foreign kid,” Jack added, turning right into the junkyard behind the Wolf. “Stick it anywhere, but not in him...that's my advice.”

Another eye roll. Will laughed. “You talk like I just go around sticking it anywhere.”

“Look man, I don't know what you do with *that*,” Jack laughed, deep and hearty as he parked the car. “But I see how all these people be looking at you and shit.”

Both brows raised this time, Will cocked his head to the side as he got out. “What are you talking about? Nobody looks at me any different than you.”

“You may not see it,” Crawford said with a small, incredulous chuckle in his words, as he got out and checked to make sure his gun was in place. “But they do, Graham.”

“I’ve been gone five years and you suddenly think you know me all over again,” Will said, shaking his head as he shut the car door and grabbed the briefcase out.

Beverly was talking with the organizer of the junkyard, getting things settled. Jack let it go and walked up to her as she finished.

“Are we all good here?”

“You’re free to go gentlemen. Need a ride?” she asked with a smirk, looking Will over once, proving Jack right.

Will, oblivious to it, shook his head, already on his cellphone to try and get someone to come get them.

“Seems as though Will is already handling that, but we thank you, Miss Katz,” Jack said, a small smirk on his lips at Will’s lack of awareness over what was happening at that moment. “Take care.”

Beverly nodded and left them to it then.

Will hung up. “Du Maurier is sending someone to us. We’ll go pick up my car.”

“Alright,” Jack nodded and looked around, keeping a vigilant eye as Beverly’s car exited the driveway. “What you think of the wolf? Nice ass...and she kept staring at yours.”

“We were butt naked in front of her, I’m sure she was looking at a lot of things,” Will pointed out as they waited just out front of the junkyard for their ride. “She’s fine.” Will didn’t have a type, he was attracted more to people for who they were than what they looked like.

Jack shook his head, lighting up another cigarette as they stood walking over the gravel of the yard lot. “Damn sure not as beautiful as my Bella, but good looking enough,” he said, taking off his sunglasses to clean the lenses. “Which I *won't* be spilling to the misses.”

“I’m surprised she’s still with you,” Will teased, shaking his head. Ten minutes passed and a car drove up. “That’s us.”

Jack tossed his cigarette, adjusting his hideous attire as they walked over and got in, casting a look at the man driving to see if they would dare comment on their appearance. “Thanks for coming.”

The man said nothing as they got in, and even less when the car started to drive them toward Will’s house once more. Will was grateful for the nonverbal conversation, and kept it that way until they arrived at this house. He got out, and unlocked the garage, and then pushed it open. He tossed Jack the keys to the ‘64 red Chevy Chevelle and went inside to change. Jack got into the car and started it up, waiting for Will so he could go by his place next to change. As he waited, he turned in the radio and texted his wife.

Will came back out, another suit, this one he hoped not to ruin, and then waited for Jack to pull the car out. Once done, he locked up the garage, and then got into the car. The dog had gone in with him, but didn’t come back out. Will set him in another room with food and water. “Let’s go.”

Jack nodded and backed out all the way, heading onto the road towards his place. “Good luck on your...whatever it is with Boss lady’s boy toy.”

“You're not letting that go are you?” Will asked, jaw tense. “I don't plan to end up like Dimmond. Dinner and done.”

“I rarely let things go, Will,” Jack reminded, always one for facts and details. “But good, sounds like it'll be a short night.”

They got to Jack’s place, and Will moved to the driver’s seat, and once Jack was changed and back in the car, they took off toward Du Maurier’s bar to give back the briefcase. They parked out front, and Will grabbed the case and followed Jack inside. Du Maurier was at the back, impeccably dressed, talking to someone.

“Boss is with someone, she’ll see you in a second Will,” the bartender said as Will sidled up to the counter. “Whiskey?”

“Yeah, neat. Two fingers,” Will said, looking back at the kid sitting across from Du Maurier, who happened to look back at him. Will turned his head to the bartender “Who is that?”

“Matt Brown. Boxer.”

“Oh right. There’s a fight in a few nights.”

Jack, back in a suit like the other one he started out with, got a beer and looked over at the boxer, then turned back to Will--yet *another* one who was checking his partner out. He sighed into his mug and sighed. “He looks like a loose cannon, that one.”

“Crazy eyes,” Will murmured as his whiskey was set down in front of him. “Hell of a boxer I bet.”

“He can be. A bit reckless though, the boss is asking him to take a hit, go down, you know?” the man behind the bar shrugged, voice down to a whisper.

Brown walked over and Du Maurier called Jack over first, leaving the boxer with Will at the bar. Will looked over as he took a sip of his drink.

Matt ordered a whiskey and when it was in front of him, he down it, fast and set it on the bar again with a clink. He leaned in the counter, muscles bulging and twisted his head towards Will. “You're one of Du Maurier’s men, aren't you?” he asked, his tone surprisingly soft and quiet, despite his appearance and demeanor. “Never *seen* you, but I've…heard of you. I assume I need an introduction?”

“Yeah. I am. You're Matt Brown, the boxer,” Will said, finishing his drink, as though it were some unsaid competition. “Heard of me?” That wasn’t good news.

Brown extended his hand, holding it out and wiggling his fingers a little, a bit impatiently but it was more for theatrics. “From…” he began, letting the tension build before gesturing subtly over to Du Maurier, “from your Boss over there. She didn't mention how you looked though.”

Will shook Matt’s hand and then took it back, tapping the bar counter for the tender to refill. “I don’t imagine she would have.”

Matthew chuckled, quietly and placed his hand over his mouth as he contemplated on two emotions stirring within himself. “She'd...want to keep that hidden. The beautiful hawk that you are.”

“She hardly sees that herself,” Will said, only so aware of what other people thought of him, as he tried to keep to himself mostly.

Matt leaned forward, lowering his tone to a whisper as wild light eyes met sea blues. “You're not her right hand man for nothing…”

Will quirked a brow at Matt. “She's married, if you haven't heard.”

“Oh I know,” Matt smiled, licking his lips. “But that doesn't mean she can't appreciate you. She trusts you.”

“I suppose,” Will said, realizing how true Matt was, after all Will was taking her husband to dinner later.

Matt grinned again, licking his lips. “I just know a hawk when I see one. People like us should stick together.”

“Like us?” Will took his refilled glass and sipped his drink. This kid was something else.

“Yeah,” Matthew said, as if Will should just *know*. He cracked his knuckles and rolled his shoulders, motioning for another whiskey. “Hawks, Alpha males. We're at the top of the food chain. Think of what we could accomplish together...we wouldn't *need* a boss any longer. *We’d* be the Masters.”

Will licked the inside of his teeth giving Matt an incredulous look before downing his drink. “Of what exactly?”

“Everything. *Anything,*” Matthew answered with a crazed gleam in his eyes. He took the whiskey given and drank, a bit slower. “Do you want to forever be someone's lackey?”

“I’m not her lackey,” Will said, setting his glass down, and then stood, hearing Du Maurier’s tone over the room, calling him over. “Excuse me.”

Jack watched Matthew half lust, half glower at Will as he was heading towards he and the Boss. He cut his partner a knowing look and then walked away to give them time to speak on private. “I'm going to go talk to our boxer friend and smoke.”

“He’s crazy, don’t bother,” Will murmured, shrugging his shoulders as he passed Jack and then sat down across from Du Maurier, who had one slender leg cross over the other, in one of her dark power suits. She had a glass of wine in one hand.

“Will. It’s so good to see you again. How was your trip back?”

“As to be expected,” Will answered, hands firmly planted on his thighs, legs spread a little.

“Good.” She sighed and sipped her wine. “Thank you again for your work getting my briefcase back. Everything is in order.” She slid him money across the table in a white envelope. “As for my husband tonight, I warn you he can be very strange.”

“Strange how?” Will asked, brows raised curiously.

“In his tastes. Refined in some areas, and eccentric in others. Chatty too.” Bedelia set her glass down with a smile. “I know you aren’t into socializing, Will, but do try to be a good listener at least.”

“I’ll do my best.”

“Good,” she said. “I leave in an hour, please pick him up by six, he doesn’t like tardiness.”

“How… how old is he?” Will asked, wondering exactly how his boss found a kid like this.

“Twenty-five. Don’t worry over it too much, but do put some effort into your grooming habits a little.”

Will rolled his eyes and stood, grabbing the envelope of money and stuffed it into his jacket pocket. “Got it. I’ll be there are six sharp.” He smoothed down his tie and turned to leave.

“Thank you, Will. I’ll reward you handsomely for it.”

# Chapter 2

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Will trimmed down his beard a little, and did his hair back with a little gel, as per the request of his boss. He changed his suit, made sure there was no dog hair, and, and put on his best dress shoes. He arrived at Du Maurier's residence a little early and found a note taped to the door in fancy cursive writing.

The note asked for Will to please come inside, pour himself a glass of wine if he wishes and wait in the sitting room while Hannibal finished getting ready.

Will took the note down and stuffed it into his pocket to dispose of later, and then pushed the door open and shut it once more. The house was pristine, elegantly decorated, and soft classical music played in the background. Will noted the bar and wandered over, looking at the expensive bottles of whiskey before picking one.

After watching from the security cameras that his wife had insisted on installing, Hannibal walked into the room, hands clasped behind his back as he stood in the doorway with his head canted. He looked quite handsome, in a light blue and cream three piece suit, matching paisley tie complete with the pocket square. The young man studied Will for a moment and licked his lips. “At last we meet. Bedelia speaks highly of you.”

Will took a sip of his drink, watching the young man enter with an air of confidence he found most people that age hardly had. “I want to say the same, but before this morning I’d hardly heard a whisper of you. But I have been out of the country for a while.” Will studied Hannibal and gave him a once over.

Hannibal arched an amused brow at that, walking closer. Will was honest--which he liked--most of his wife's men would be saying anything to pacify. He held up his hand to gesture that it was quite alright and then clicked off the music as he eyed the drink his escort for the night had chosen. “Not a fan of wine?”

“Drank a lot of wine in Paris,” Will admitted with a half smile, downing the drink and set the glass aside for now. “Whiskey is my go to.”

“Ah, Paris,” Hannibal smiled, his full lips twisting faintly. He placed his hands in his pockets and looked Will over once more--he was quite handsome, or beautiful rather. “It's been at least a year since I've been, though I prefer Florence.”

“Went through there too,” Will said and dug his keys out of his pocket. “Do you have an idea of where you’d like to go?”

“I normally insist on preparing and cooking the meals I consume myself, however, there is an Italian restaurant where they use only the finest ingredients, and slaughter the meat themselves--ethically. The ballroom dancing is also sensational,” Hannibal explained, pocketing his phone and keys.

“Dancing,” Will said, hands going to the door, he held it for Hannibal, gentlemanly. “Whatever you’d like.”

Hannibal hummed and told Will the name of the place as he walked out the door. “Thank you,” he smiled again and looked at the car his ‘date’ for the evening had driven there in. “Do you like the dance, Will?”

“Occasionally,” Will answered, letting Hannibal lock up and then opened the passenger door of the classic car he drove for the younger man.

“I quite enjoy it,” Hannibal stated as he got in and buckled up, nodding his appreciation. “I do like this car. I'm fond of classic and foreign automobiles.”

Will slid in and started the car, revving the engine. “Yeah? I need to have a scratch worked out, someone keyed it earlier today.”

Hannibal pursed his lips, expressing his disdain of the thought. “Sounds like someone very rude,” he commented, his hands folded neatly in his lap. “Have you any idea as to who would do such a thing?”

“Probably that boxer at the bar,” Will shrugged, though he couldn’t prove it at all. He set up the GPS on his phone for the restaurant and pushed start, gearing the car into drive.

“That would be...Matthew Brown, if I'm not mistaken,” Hannibal said, making a mental note. He'd heard his wife speaking of him. “Let’s hope, for his sake, that it is not true what they say about karma coming to offer up its sweet vengeance, hm?”

“That’s if he did it at all,” Will pointed out, but he couldn’t think of anyone else at the bar that would have done that. Will hung a left and then headed downtown.

“Your words have the tinge of doubt but your body language says otherwise,” Hannibal stated, watching the way the streetlights would illuminate Will’s eyes each time they passed one. Stunning.

Will looked at Hannibal out of the corner of his eye for a moment, and then back on the road. “He was trying to convince me to ditch your wife and be my own boss. I shrugged him off, I don’t doubt he didn’t like that.”

“He couldn't ensnare you,” Hannibal agreed, nodding once as he turned to look out the window, his sharp cheekbones accentuated. “While I'm sure the rejection, from someone such as yourself, was akin to being gutted, it is no excuse for that type of barbaric behavior.”

“No, I agree. If I ever see him again, I’ll be sure to approach him on it,” Will said, ignoring the comment about himself, a little tired of hearing about his physical appearance today.

Hannibal had meant more than Will’s beauty, of course, but he was vague and intended in remaining that way. He nodded once more and looked back to the front of the car, out the windshield. “If I may ask, what is it that pulled you into this line of work? Know that in asking I do not mean it as a judgment. I am merely curious.”

Will came to a stop light, and waited, contemplating his next answer carefully. “I was going to be a cop, always thought that was what I was cut out for. Didn’t make it, my record was too long, couldn’t hack the psych evals. So, I moved on to what I knew best. Violence and negotiation. I can read people, it’s why Bedelia uses me a lot. I know a scam when I see it.”

“She has a talent for seeking out only the best,” Hannibal remarked, painting a clear image in his mind of Will--fascinating and remarkable. “I am studying to become a doctor, I'd love nothing more than to pick at your mind,” he added with a little chuckle.

“You want to psychoanalyze me?” Will asked, regretful now of his choice to explain himself to someone he hardly knew. “You won’t like that very much.” They pulled into the drive of

the restaurant, and a valet came to open the doors for them and Will let them take the car to be parked, and the pocketed the ticket to retrieve it later.

He offered his arm to Hannibal. The young man took it, enjoying the feel as he scented him from that proximity.

“You read people, and so do I, only in different ways,” Hannibal explained, with a sly grin as they walked in. “I am certain of it, just as I'm sure you've already observed or read a thing or two about myself…”

“Perhaps. You have a wall, though.” Will smiled a little as they walked up to the host. “Reservation under…” he looked at Hannibal.

“Lecter,” Hannibal answered, having kept his own last name. He watched Will from his periphery, pleased that he'd noted that much. Yes, his wife's right-hand man was cunning indeed.

Menus were grabbed and they were shown to their table, near the ballroom floor, where people were dancing, dressed in fine gowns and suits. Will waited for Hannibal to sit and then did the same. He took the menu offered, looking it over.

“Veal looks good.”

“Yes, a personal favorite of mine actually,” Hannibal said with a hum. He looked over the menu, all the same, eyeing it to see if there was anything new. “You mentions my wall, but I must say, it would appear as though you have some forts of your own.”

“Don’t we all?” Will asked, setting the menu down. “I have forts, erected to keep people out, whether they mean to be there or not.”

“We are all selective of what we choose to disclose,” Hannibal agreed, setting his menu down as well and clasping his hands on the table. “Even the most forthright have their little secrets fluttering about, as well as insecurities and problems. Do you ever have any problems, Will?”

“Everyone does,” Will answered, vaguely, and when the waiter came with waters and bread, Will ordered a bottle of merlot for them both to go with the veal he ordered for them both. The waiter left.

“An excellent choice,” Hannibal complimented and then leaned forward a bit. “My apologies, Will. I cannot shut my mind off any more than you can yours.”

“Your wife warned me you were… chatty,” Will answered, unfolding his napkin to put it into place on his lap. Overseas living and dealing with higher end clients had put Will at an advantage here, luckily. That was not to say he enjoyed it.

“Did she then?” Hannibal asked, amused by the confession. “And yet she failed to mention to me, your aversion to it. Likely a game to her. She does so love to play.”

Will cocked a brow toward the younger man with a slight smirk playing against his handsome features. “That she does,” Will mused. “That being said, I gotta know: did she

really kill Dimmond over reciting you bad poetry?"

Hannibal's lips twisted in a devilish grin, his sharp teeth peeking a bit as ran his fingers over the smooth surface of the table. He met Will's eyes, his own dilated as he studied his date's face. "Poetry such as 'Mister Shakespeare's'--an alias which was far from appropriate--did not need to be forced upon the world. His death only did us all a favor."

Not an answer at all, but a telling comment at any rate. Will observed the younger man with sudden and keen interest. "It is the reason he's dead then, but it wasn't by Bedelia's hand." Will didn't think she had it in her to do anything herself, that's why she had men like him and Jack to take care of things.

The food was brought and wine poured, the boy giving the waitress a polite nod in thanks. Hannibal pinched the stem of his glass, stroking it between forefinger and thumb as he mulled over Will's statement. With mirth and awe in his eyes, he wet his lips. "It would appear as though you would have made a fine detective, Will," he responded, placing his napkin on his lap. "Bedelia doesn't like getting her hands dirty, no, not often at least but yes, that is precisely why he was blessedly removed from this earth."

Will nodded and swirled the wine in the glass and then sniffed it one before tasting it, letting it linger on his tongue. He swallowed it, licking his lips once. "Fortunate for her to have married you."

Hannibal didn't miss the silent accusation there, though Will hardly had clean hands himself, so the boy decided not to try to deny it. "You see quite a lot, don't you, Will?" he rumbled, taking the wine to his nose to sniff and then swallow down a sip before taking up his silverware. "Helpful little tidbits of information. Tell me, does it come to you in beautiful, low whispers, or is it more a tidal wave of feelings?"

"Depends on how much I'm paying attention to. I can easily tune out your feelings if I wanted to, but being as attentive as I am right now, It's slow lapping waves at the shore."

Hannibal cut into his meat and then, since he didn't prepare it, took a slow bite, letting it sit on his tongue for a moment before chewing and swallowing. It was good--very good-- and went with the pasta, as well as the wine, but he liked his recipe best. After wiping his mouth, he licked his lips and looked at Will again. "Do you find your...empathy, makes for a better experience when killing or does it hinder you to the point of needing to block it out behind your forts?"

"Depends. I don't mind it so much these days. Harder when I was younger, but I've learned to stop taking everyone else's pain. I do my job, that's it," Will said, cutting the veal slowly and then taking the bite in much the same way, savoring it.

"And that's as it should be," Hannibal said and took another bite, pulling the fork from his full lips slowly as he tried to catch Will's attention. "Death and the act of killing can be a beautiful thing, for those who let it in and fully appreciate it."

"Maybe," Will agreed, to a point. He watched the younger man's attempts, but Will kept in mind Jack's words on keeping this professional. That's what it had to be, that's how it would

stay. He took a few more bites, washing it down with a sip of wine.

With a little sigh, Hannibal took another sip of wine as well and then swirling pasta around his fork. He took a bite, chewed, swallowed and wiped his mouth. After doing this a few times and when he was nearly done with his meal, he took a small break. “It would seem as though they are having a dance competition, I would very much like us to participate.”

Will was just chewing his last bite, head canted at the words that flowed from Hannibal’s mouth next. “Competition?” He set his fork down and wiped his mouth, finishing off the wine he knew he’d need now to muster up the courage.

Hannibal took his last bite as well and then followed it with wine. “Yes, a competition,” he reiterated, though not unkindly. “Unless, of course, you are not interested.”

“Nope, we’ll do it,” Will said, not skipping a beat, no hesitation. He promised to keep Du Maurier’s husband entertained, and entertained he would be. Will set his napkin on the table and stood, walking to Hannibal’s side, hand out.

It was perfect timing, as the competition was just starting. The elegant young man took Will’s hand, smoothing down his vest with his other as they walked out onto the dance floor; he quirked a brow and looked the older man in the eye. “Shall I lead, or you?”

Will took Hannibal around the waist with his free hand and held him close to his body. “I’ll lead.”

Hannibal felt a spark of fire when Will took charge like that and pulled him near. He nodded with a thick swallow and kept the attraction he felt unreadable. A slender arm draped over the older man's shoulder as he took his hand and began to follow. “Perfect.”

Will swept them across the floor, in circles around others doing the same, most of whom were obviously there just for fun. Will had a feeling this was more than just ‘fun’ for Hannibal, and meant to win. He held the younger man closer, feeling their warmth growing hotter as they moved gracefully. Will was, though he’d never admit it, a trained dancer, but kept that bit of information close to his chest. Until now.

To say Hannibal was impressed, would be an understatement and his heart thudded faster with each turn and pass they made. He curled his fingers into the solid muscle of Will’s shoulder and gripped his hand, smiling coyly at his escort for the night as the crowd seemed to be focused solely on them.

“You are an exquisite dancer, Will. I'm entirely, and pleasantly, surprised,” Hannibal murmured, keeping up with Will in perfect sync.

“Did you think I’d be uncoordinated?” Will asked, under his breath, just between them as he gazed into Hannibal’s eyes, tightening his hold on his date for the evening. Their heart beats seemed to match up, everything about them working perfectly in time.

“I had formed no opinions on the matter, as I've learned that people, all too often, are capable of many things,” Hannibal answered, savoring the thrumming of their chests as they rose and

fell together. He ran his tongue over his full lips, wetting them in a subconscious need that was blooming in his core and taking shape.

“But you weren’t expecting it,” Will said with an honest smile back at Hannibal, moving them around the floor quickly, not noticing they were the last ones standing, having easily won the event.

“No, I wasn't anticipating that, however, I likewise wasn't assuming that you'd prove to have, two left feet, as they say,” Hannibal winked, enjoying that smile from Will, just as he was relishing his hand on his waist and the breath ghosting over his lips.

Will let out a breathy chuckle at that, the music coming to a close, so he twirled Hannibal out with fanfare, and then brought him back in, and dipped him down, easily holding his weight as their faces inched closer together, their eyes never straying from one another.

Hannibal’s pupils were covering the expanse of his iris as he held fast to Will and gazed at him. He felt heat braid down his spine, right into his groin and knew then and there, what he wanted. Yes, he was married, but in love? No. “That was glorious, Will,” he whispered, biting his own lower lip. “And it appears we've won.”

“It appears so,” Will whispered back, watching every inch of Hannibal’s micro expressions, swallowing down the need in his own throat as he righted them before they did something regrettable.

“Why don't we pay and go back to my place,” Hannibal suggested, ready to go since they'd eaten and won. “We can have more drinks and even dance a bit more if you'd like…”

Nodding, Will lead Hannibal back, taking the check left there and placing down cash for the meal. A certificate was put into his hands for the winning the contest, along with a voucher for another meal, both of which he handed to Hannibal and then offered his arm to escort him out.

Happy with the prize and the evening so far, Hannibal took Will’s arm, thumbing over his bicep briefly as they walked out. In his other hand, he clutched their winnings. “Ah, what a lovely evening so far. Wouldn't you agree?”

Will nodded once more and handed the valet his ticket for his car. He turned his toward Hannibal as they waited for it to be brought around. “So long as you’re happy, I’m happy.”

“I wish for you to be happy as well,” Hannibal stated, raising a curious brow. He knew this was just a job but he wanted it to mean more. “And by happy, I do mean genuinely.”

It was hardly a job, it was a favor since Will was not paid for this evening. “I’m having a good time if that’s what you mean. I’m not sticking around because I’m forced to, or staying for another drink at your place because I have to. I want to.”

The car was brought around and the valet got out and held the door for Hannibal and then shut it when they were both in.

Hannibal fastened his seatbelt, still flushed from the confession from Will. He laced his fingers together on his lap and canted his head over at him. “Well, then I am pleased to hear that, William. Immensely.”

Will only nodded as they drove back to the house, mostly quiet as the radio played some old tunes from the ‘60s. When they got there, he parked and walked around to open Hannibal’s door for him, hand out.

Taking Will’s hand, Hannibal got out and nodded his thanks, unlocking the door. He walked inside and once his date was also, he closed it behind them. “Whiskey?”

“What are you having?” Will asked, shedding his suit jacket and folding it over the couch, he rolled his shirt sleeves to his elbows, exposing well muscles, strong forearms.

Hannibal's eyes trailed down Will’s arms, taking him and committing each detail to memory; he would sketch him later. “I am going to have a bourbon,” he answered, his tone raspy as his throat felt quite dry at the moment. “But you may have anything that you wish.”

“I enjoy bourbon as well,” Will said, taking up a seat on a stool on the other side of the bar, watching Hannibal with keen interest. He was keeping his promises, hands to himself, but showing Hannibal a good time.

Removing his jacket, Hannibal hung it on the coat rack and slipped off his loafers. He enjoyed the feel of Will’s eyes on him as he turned his back to the older man for a moment to get the bourbon. A moment later and two glasses were poured. “Here we are,” he said and slid one to Will. “What else do you enjoy, Will? I wish to know more about you.”

Will took the drink and sipped it as he thought over the question. His whole life for five years was all about making connections for Du Maurier that his personal life had taken a step back. “Dogs. I used to fish, tinker with motors, fix cars...”

That explained the scent he'd detected upon meeting Will, the dogs. Hannibal smiled at that and took another pull from his glass, leaning on the bar as he looked at Will over the rim. “How many dogs do you have?”

“Seven. Just got another one today. I take in strays,” Will explained, taking a sip and then chasing a stay drop with tongue. “Couldn’t leave him with two dead bodies. He’d go to a shelter, likely not be kept, then euthanized…”

“I am opposed to animal cruelty,” Hannibal said, watching Will’s lips and tongue before walking around the bar to stand near him. “And while I have never owned a dog, I harbor no ill will towards them.”

“They aren’t for everyone. I like ‘em though. They don’t talk back, they love you unconditionally. Can’t even get that promise out of many relationships,” Will said with a knowing look at Hannibal. He could tell Du Maurier didn’t love this kid, and Hannibal was not so in love with his wife either. Whatever the reason for their union, Will knew he couldn’t get in the middle.

“And you do not have to be concerned with forts in their presence,” Hannibal offered, his hip leaning against the bar with one leg crossed at the ankle. “However, there are some relationships in which you can receive such love. It is merely a matter of meeting the right one, and that they see you for who you are as well as encourage areas in which you may have potential.”

“Never had the pleasure of ever having one of those,” Will admitted, taking a longer sip of his drink, letting it burn down his throat pleasantly. “You?” Will smiled a little. “I won’t tell.”

Hannibal grinned, his eyes a glow as stared into striking sea blues. “No, I can't say as I have,” he admitted, taking a drink of his bourbon then setting it down on the bar. “But that is not to say that I think this person and that relationship doesn't exist.”

“How do you plan on having it with that person if you find them if you’re married to the mob?” Will asked, curiously. He was dedicated to his job and Du Maurier, but what was a few conversations between friends.

The boy's eyes darkened briefly and flattened his palm on the bar, tilting his head a fraction as he pursed his lips. “Life always seems to have a way of closing doors. Just as it does opening them. I'm positive that when this opportunity makes itself known, my situation will be resolved.”

Will raised his brows once and then downed his drink, lip tucked between his teeth as he sucked a drop from it. “No doubt the same way Dimmond was resolved.”

“There are many ways in which a problem can be solved,” Hannibal offered, imagining how those teeth might feel on his own lips or his skin. “Though it might put you out of work…”

“The death of my boss would do that, but there’s a lot of gangsters in town, a lot of work I can find for myself,” Will said, hardly worried about it. If Du Maurier met her end somehow, he was sure someone would pick up the slack.

“Yes, many opportunities,” Hannibal said, downing the rest of his drink. He picked up the bottle and arched a brow at Will. “Would you like another?”

“Are you trying to get me drunk, Mr. Du Maurier?” Will asked, a light buzz already burning through his veins a little, enough to relax his usual closed up nature.

“And if I was, Mister Graham?” Hannibal retorted with a youthful grin, refilling their glasses anyways since it wasn't a yes or a no; Will could choose. “Furthermore, I seem to recollect there being talks of more dancing…”

Will took a sip of the refill and then set it down. “What sort of dancing do you want to do?”

“Something a bit less formal, perhaps,” Hannibal mused, biting his lower lip before taking a big drink, feeling a bit tipsy as well. “How vast is your knowledge of dance?”

“Not very,” Will admitted, undoing his tie, he let it hang loosely around his neck, and then undid the first few buttons of his shirt exposing his throat and bit of his chest. “I learned to

tango once…”

Hannibal swallowed thickly at the sight and undid his vest, removing it with his tie. He set them, folded over the vacant bar stool. “I do enjoy a good tango,” he grinned and then quickly swallowed the rest of his bourbon. “I'll just put on some suitable music for it then.”

“Wonderful,” Will murmured, taking another sip of his drink to find liquid courage in it.

A moment later and Hannibal returned, pouring himself another glass of bourbon as the music started to play over the various speakers through the house. He pushed the bottle near Will if he wanted more and then drank about half of his own before he held out his hand in a coy gesture. “Shall we dance?”

“Maybe you should slow down on the drinks?” Will suggested, leaving his half finished drink there for the moment and toed off his shoes by the bar.

Hannibal shook his head, hardly drunk but merely tipsy. “You know Will, you worry too much,” he said, taking another sip before putting it down. “Or as it used to be phrased, don't be a square.”

Not one to be put down by someone younger, Will downed his drink and grasped Hannibal’s hand, tugging him to his chest. “You don’t know me.” He was merely concerned for his boss’ spouse.

Hannibal grunted quietly at the sudden yet desired impact and tipped his chin up to look at Will’s face. His lips twitched into a charming grin. “Perhaps not, but I'm hoping to rectify that soon enough.”

Will moved them quickly with long, gliding steps, twists of hips, picking up the pace of the music Hannibal selected, keeping his eyes on Hannibal’s, intensely gazing at him. “I’m beginning to wonder if you asked your wife to have me be your escort for the night.”

“She thinks it was her idea,” Hannibal smirked and then hooked his leg around Will’s briefly when the music called for it, his skin all but burning from the intimacy. “As she so often does…”

Will spun Hannibal out and then back in, slipping gracefully behind him as the music slowed a little more, hand on his stomach, holding him flush to his chest as he breathed against his ears, other hand grasping Hannibal’s own and then slipping down his arm slowly. “You’re manipulating her,” he whispered.

“Yes,” Hannibal whispered back, his breath hitching in his throat at the feel of Will behind him like that. It made the feral young man almost docile in that moment; he surrendered to it, to Will. Swaying his hips and ass slightly, he pressed his head back against the older man’s strong shoulder and looked over at him. “She is merely a placeholder.”

Will’s fingers slid from Hannibal’s arm to his shoulders, over his collarbone and wrapping gently around his neck, feeling the boy’s pulse under his ministrations. “Thought so-” he rasped, lips against Hannibal’s ear.

Hannibal’s heart raced at that, his carotid bulging in time with each beat as he ground his ass against Will’s groin as they moved much slower now. The music seemed to do the same and the boy kept his eyes on those powerful sea blues as his hand reached behind to grip the older man's hip. “My interests do not lie with her…”

The hand on Hannibal’s waist dipped lower to the edge of his hip, fingers tracing bone there as Will moved them slower, gracefully, not letting their bodies part until he twirled Hannibal around, taking his hand, one leg between his thighs as he dipped him. “How did you hear about me?”

“Bedelia speaks of you often,” Hannibal murmured, pressing into Will’s muscular thigh, his erection growing and starting to rub through his trousers as he was maneuvered. His fingers curled into the hand that held him, seeking out more skin as his Adam's apple bobbed up and down in a hard swallow. “But I've seen you, once, briefly before now and knew I had to meet you personally.”

Righting Hannibal, Will pressed him right up against the wall, his blue gaze hard on him as his thumb traced Hannibal's bottom lip. “Where?”

“In Paris,” Hannibal answered, having seen Will then and put two and two together. He parted his lips, and scraped his teeth over the side of Will’s thumb, letting his tongue graze his skin just faintly as his chest heaved with wanton lust.

“You’ve been stalking me,” Will whispered, watching every move Hannibal’s teeth and tongue made, eyes darting from them to Hannibal’s honey gaze. “For what? This?” Will pulled Hannibal away from the wall, turning him again, a new song starting, the swell slow. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal, palming down his groin as the other wrapped around his chest, biting at his ear lobe.

A quiet gasp of pleasure slipped from Hannibal's snarling lips as he reached a hand back to hold Will’s head there, encouraging him to continue. He gyrated his hips just so to move into the hand on his groin and back into the older man's. “This and much more,” he answered, finding more than just Will’s appearance alluring--he also wanted his mind. “Does it please you to know I've been wanting you for some time now?”

It was a little creepy, to be honest, but Will couldn’t deny his overwhelming need to be wanted, to be lusted after like that. He’d never thought himself the sort. He gripped Hannibal's groin in his palm, fingers digging into his balls. “Maybe. Why go through the trouble of marrying my boss?”

With a moan, Hannibal spread his legs, no longer concerned with the music or the dance. His skin was on fire, eyes blown black and cock hard as concrete. “It was the easiest way to get close,” he breathed out, aware he was telling it all, “and she served as a source of amusement until I could meet you face to face…”

“Now here we are,” Will whispered, finding that he wanted nothing more than to push Hannibal up against the wall and fuck him until he wouldn’t be able to move for days. “You married and me a mostly honest man.”

“Yes, here we are,” Hannibal murmured and turned around in Will’s hold to face him. He gripped the older man's shirt, not overly hard, and leaned into to speak over his lips. “No one to hear or see, just the two of us. What's to be done about that?”

“You have security cameras,” Will whispered, breathing hotly against Hannibal’s mouth, achingly hard for the boy, wanting nothing more than to give them both what they wanted. Will could not let them get caught, not like this. It’d be his death warrant.

“Ah yes, the ones that have no tape in them at the moment and are set in loop,” Hannibal smiled, having set them that way before he'd even walked out to greet Will before their outing. He licked his lips and traced the other man's jawline. “But I would not be insistent...”

“Wouldn’t you?” Will rasped, backing Hannibal against the bar, where their drinks remained. He pressed his hardened body against Hannibal, hands on either side of the bar. The attraction was immediate, he knew that, but there were some things he could not in safe conscience do.

“Perhaps a bit,” Hannibal panted quietly as gripped Will’s biceps and started from his eyes to his mouth and back up. He trailed his fingers up the man's well-muscled arms, and palmed down his chest, gently toying with the opening at his neck. “Would a...kiss be too much then?”

Will leaned in and brushed their lips together slowly, chest heaving under Hannibal’s hands. “No. Not too much.”

Hannibal parted his lips, jutting his tongue out slowly to trace Will’s mouth as it passed over his own. He moaned subtly and slid his hands up to rest over his neck. “Mm…”

The hitman groaned into Hannibal’s decadent mouth, sealing their lips together as his arms wrapped around the smaller man and engulfed him in his frame, tongue laving slowly against Hannibal’s. The young man kissed Will more heatedly, rhythm of his tongue seeking more eagerly as he canted his hips forward to grind into the older man. He wanted more, a lot more, but this was more than enough for now--it was a dance after all.

Until his boss was out of Hannibal's life, Will would limit himself to this, to the sweet surrender of their mouths. He moaned once more, holding Hannibal to him. “Little mynx…” he murmured, biting Hannibal's lips.

Hannibal grinned over Will’s lips and bit back, his arms around the bigger man's neck as he took a breath. “And you are the howling wolf--the impressive beast--come to devour,” he murmured and then tilted his head to slot their mouths together once more.

The draw to Hannibal was real, one that could not be denied. Will kissed the younger man once more, and then sighed, pulling back. He dizzy from alcohol and lust. “That might be… but it won't go further than this.”

“Not until I've cut certain ties that bind me, I presume,” Hannibal whispered, running his tongue over his sharp incisors as he pushed down his erection discreetly. He understood though stopping was hard--even if he didn't let that show.

Will kissed Hannibal again, just to keep the taste in his mouth. He groaned into it, and then let go. “I'll be seeing you.” He pulled back and slipped his shoes on, grabbing his jacket.

“Yes, that you will,” Hannibal breathed and then walked over to get the door for Will. He touched his arm and rubbed over his bicep, looking at him. “Thank you for a lovely night.”

Will leaned in and snatched Hannibal’s bottom lip between his teeth once. “See you kiddo.”

# Chapter 3

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Another loose cannon to fix, Will and Jack were back at it again, this time Will was driving, and the tension and quiet between them could be cut with a knife. Will's head was stuck in the clouds from his night with Du Maurier's husband.

Jack looked over at Will, his curious, probing mind getting the better of him. "What is it, Will? You've not been your usual self…"

Will leaned into the door, smoking a cigarette. "Hm? Nothing, drank too much."

"I see," Jack rumbled, looking out the window as Will drove and then back as he smoked his own cigarette. "And how was the uh, date, last night?"

"He wanted to get dinner at a fancy fucking restaurant and then ballroom dance," Will sighed, puffing on his smoke, and then flicked the ashes out of the window at the light. "There was a competition."

“Oh yeah?” Jack asked with a bellow as he took another draw. He hesitated as he exhaled the gray wispy cloud then raised his brows as he gave Will an incredulous look. “Wait, you know how to...to dance? Or did you two lose the competition? You just don't fucking seem the type.”

“We won,” Will said with a little sneer. “I can dance. You just don’t know it. You’ve never seen.”

“Alright, well shit, that's good. Sure it made Boss Lady's little boy happy,” Jack chuckled and shook his head. “Dancing is pretty intimate though…”

“People have dance partners all the time that they aren’t in relationships with,” Will pointed out, gassing it as they peeled out down the road toward their next stop.

Jack made a suspicious humming sound at that but didn't push it further. The only thing he added as he flicked out his cigarette was, “Just remember what I told you, man.”

“No one knows better than me about that, Jack,” Will said, pulling up outside the house. “We danced, had a few drinks, I left.”

“Then there are no problems,” Jack said with a nod, still not certain but Will was usually honest. He undid his seatbelt and stepped out, checking his piece as he walked around to wait for Will.

“Boss isn’t back yet, did she who we’re checkin’ in on?” Will asked, stuffing his gun down the back of his pants, jacket hiding it.

“Brown,” Jack answered taking off his sunglasses as he adjusted his belt. “Asshole won the match he was supposed to lose.”

“Great,” Will sighed, the last person he wanted to deal with today was that over zealous asshole.

“He seemed really into you but in a...crazed out way,” Jack said with a sigh of his own as they walked up to the door. “Bet he skipped town. If he's smart he did anyway.”

“Unless he did it hoping I’d be the one sent,” Will murmured, not putting past the boxer, after all, he had expressed far too much interest in Will.

“An ulterior motive,” Jack agreed, rubbing his hand over his strong jaw before knocking hard, three times on the door. “We’re about to find out.”

“If he’s smart like you said, he would have booked it out before now,” Will sighed, rocking from heel to toe, waiting. He knocked this time. “Matt Brown?” he called through the door.

“Doesn't look like he's going to answer,” Jack said and then with one strong kick, busted the door down. “Might as well check while we here…”

Will followed him in, gun drawn, checking the corners as they searched the house. There was no sign of Brown, and the bedroom and dresser had been ransacked. “He’s gone.”

“Coward left, yeah,” Jack grumbled, looking around. “Looks like we have ourselves a man hunt because you know Du Maurier won't like this when she gets back.”

“Nope.” Will checked the backyard and then shut everything up tight again. He looked around the living room and then the kitchen, noting that half eaten breakfast was still on the table. He touched the bread and stuck a finger in the eggs. Still warm. “He hasn’t gotten far.”

“Good work,” Jack said, tucking his gun into his pants again as they walked out. “He likely wants you to chase him, prove your worth maybe. Sick fucks like that get off on it.”

“Fucking just shoot him in the face, too,” Will said, going back out to the car, he got in and lit up another cigarette, the stress starting to get to him. “Question is, where he’s heading?”

Jack lit one up as well, getting back in the passenger side and buckling up. “Someplace out of view of anyone but you. I'd imagine it would be a place you'd go...and that's assuming this is about you.”

“You didn’t hear the way he prattled on,” Will sighed, starting the car and heading toward the outskirts of the city. “Far too many people know way too much about me for my liking.”

“Someone's been talking then,” Jack mused, a stern look on his face. He tapped on his cigarette and took another drag. “We’ll get him then you can do whatever you want to the bastard.”

“Quick bullet to the head ought to do,” Will said, taking a drag and then ashed his cigarette out the window. “Du Maurier wants him dead? Or alive? I guess that matters.”

“Dead,” Jack said, nonchalantly as he cast his dark eyes out the window. “Don't think it matters how or when, as long as it’s by the time she gets back…”

“Good point,” Will sighed. “Maybe we’ll get some fun out of it first. How good a boxer is he? He won, I know, but…”

“Can't say,” Jack chuckled, through a cloud of smoke as he looked over at Will. “But I think between the two of us, yeah, we’ll have some fun.”

Will did enjoy his good old fashioned beatings when they got to them, and it’d been awhile since he and Jack got to wail on someone. “Yeah, yeah we will.”

Jack nodded, cracking his knuckles after flicking his cigarette butt out the window. He was itching for a good spot of violence. “Even more for you, since he was bothering you at the bar…”

“I didn’t tell ya. He wanted me to break off from Du Maurier and go into business for myself… with him,” Will explained, pulling up to a lake just outside of town, a place he’d gone fishing plenty of times in the past.

“That cat’s crazy,” Jack laughed, his gapped teeth peeking below his upper lip as he rolled his shoulders. “I bet Du Maurier would get a good laugh out of that. She knows you're one hundred percent loyal to her.”

Will looked at Jack for a second with a shift of jaw. He was, save for that, that stupid kiss last night. He pushed his door open and pulled his gun. “If Brown looked into me, he’d know this is a favorite spot before I was gone for all those years.”

Jack nodded, all trace of humor gone as he pulled his gun also and got out. He narrowed his eyes and began sweeping the perimeter. “I'll take the other side, while you look over there.”

“On it,” Will said, taking the other way around the lake, toward the outhouses provided there. He pushed one and then the other, hoping he might jostle someone out.

Matthew rounded the corner of one, his hand gliding around the wood as he smiled. “Knew you'd come,” he whispered, his blue eyes alight with adoration. “Though I'd hoped it would be...on your own.”

Will trained his gun on the boxer’s face, jaw shifting. “Telltale signs you were looking for me to find you. Boss is pissed. Shouldn’t’ve done that.”

Matthew looked at the gun and then at Will. “I'm not worried about her...I am more interested in you,” he grinned, licking his lips. He then stretched his muscular arms out wide, as though he were in a cross. “Shooting an unarmed man doesn't seem like something you'd do…”

Will bit back the comment about Brown’s ‘guns’ that was sitting on his tongue. Instead, he shifted his jaw. “No? You know me so well?”

“As I said at the bar,” Matthew began, his words soft and drawn out as he walked a step forward to show he wasn't afraid. “We are just alike. Both birds of prey. Both dangerous. It's obvious that we belong together.”

More of this shit. Will shook his head, one brow crooked high as he cocked back the gun and pulled the trigger. The bullet pushed through Brown’s forehead, cracking open his skull, and burst out the back, spreading bone, brain, and blood over the outhouse door behind him. “Guess you were wrong.”

Jack came jogging up a second later and surveyed the situation with a hearty chuckle. “Well, looks like you found him,” he said, giving the corpse a sound kick for the hell of it. “Not in the mood to take it slow I guess...good. It's better this way, fuck that asshole.”

“He wanted to whisper sweet nothings to me, I thought this was a better choice,” Will explained, matter of fact, and put his gun into the back of his pants once more. “We can leave him… police will just think he was roughed up for winning.”

“Good call,” Jack said, leaning down and snagging his wallet. He took out the cash, wiped off his prints and put it back without getting any more on it. “About a grand here. Take half.”

“I wonder where he put the rest Du Maurier gave him,” Will mused as he took the money and pocketed it. The best he’d get for that fucker keying his car.

“Maybe we go back to his place and search or just forget about it?” Jack contemplated, rubbing his chin as he tucked his gun and money away. “May have spent it on some

underground bunker for all we know."

"Du Maurier will want to know," Will explained, kicking Brown over with one foot.

"If she doesn't already," Jack snorted and then looked at his watch, wiping his brow. "Let's get the hell out of here and call her."

Will gave one more kick and then left the body there, dragging his foot on the grass to get the blood off, and then into his car. He started it up and lit another smoke. Jack joined him, doing the same before clicking his seatbelt on and resting his arm on the door panel.

"A damn good day."

"So far, so good," Will replied, backing out of the lot, and out into the street heading for the bar to drop news to Du Maurier's sit in, the bartender.

It was a mostly quiet ride and once they arrived, Jack got out and headed inside the bar, ordering a scotch on the rocks as he sat down on the stool.

The bartender, Tobias, looked up and motioned for Will. Will sidled up to the bar, nodding to the other man.

"Du Maurier wanted to thank you for keeping her husband busy and entertained. She wonders if you'll take him to the symphony tomorrow night," Tobias asked, sliding an envelope across the counter full of cash and two tickets. "She also wants to know the status on Brown."

Will took up the envelope and looked at the tickets with a narrowed eye. "Brown is dead. He didn't have all the cash on him. We kept what he did." He sighed." I'll take Hannibal out tomorrow if that's what she wants. Is she not going to be in town by then?"

"Day after tomorrow she'll be back," Tobias stated, holding up the bottle of whiskey in offering. "I'll let her know he's dead and that you'll do her this favor. She'll be pleased to hear it on both accounts. Good work."

"Thanks," Will said, nodding at the drink. He needed one now, hangover long gone. He could feel Jack's eyes on him and looked over, brows raised.

Jack watched as Tobias set the drink down and walked away. He slid over to sit next to Will and leaned in close to keep their conversation private. "What are you doing, Will? This...this is a bad idea."

"What? You want to take him?" Will asked, flashing the tickets at Jack.

Jack eyed the tickets and smirked. "Hell no," he said, sighing and drinking his scotch. "It just seems fucking odd that there's a second outing. Don't you think? Smells funny, Will."

"The kid is a lonely medical student," Will shrugged, taking a sip of his drink as he pocketed the money and tickets. "Besides, no dancing at the symphony."

“No, just a bunch of arrogant, rich people,” Jack commented, forearms bulging on the bar as he leaned there. “Better you than me though. Just...keep your distance. I like your grumpy ass enough to not want to have to attend your funeral.”

“You know, she didn’t have Dimmond killed, right?” Will said, elusively, taking another sip as he leaned on the bar, mimicking Jack.

Will was already getting close to the kid, on some level of Hannibal was sharing such things with him, Jack mused but didn't say anything he was thinking. “If she didn't, then who did?”

Will smiled at that, finishing his drink. “Hannibal did.”

“Christ…” Jack murmured, watching the way Will seemed to smile in admiration or smugness--he wasn't sure which. He scrubbed his hand over his face and finished off his scotch. “Just more reason for you to be on your toes, Will. Stay vigilant.”

“You think that kid is going to pull one over on me?” Will asked, setting the drink down as he watched Jack.

“Maybe but not the way you're thinking,” Jack said, having a sense for this. He saw trouble and not the kind that would land Will dead on slab and toe tagged--at least not at Hannibal's hands. “But he's up to something, sounds like.”

“He’s sneaky, I know that. What ever his plans are, I’m just here to do as the boss says, nothing else,” Will explained, setting down some cash on the bar for Tobias.

Jack did the same, finishing his scotch and nodded. “Good,” he said and leaned back. “You're capable, I know that.”

“Far more than that kid probably realizes. Du Maurier is not someone you fuck with, married to her or not,” Will explained, pushing away from the bar, he got to his feet.

Jack stood as well, smoothing out his shirt as he patted Will’s shoulder. “Damn right,” he chuckled and removed his hand. “Keep that in mind and you'll be just fine. Now I'm going home to fuck my wife.”

“Need a ride?” Will asked, well aware that any of Du Maurier’s man would happily give him a ride if needed.

“Nah, gonna catch one with nervous ass Franklyn over there,” Jack chuckled and put on his shades, even though he didn't need them. “Take it easy, Will. I'll catch you later, eh?”

“Yeah,” Will said, slapping the bar twice before bouncing out of himself, back to his car where he looked over the tickets.

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The next evening Hannibal was dressed and ready for the symphony an hour ahead of schedule. He had donned a cream tuxedo and was having a glass of brandy by the fire. The

boy hoped Will might be early but either way he was pleased his nudging to his wife had garnered him another date with his new sitter, Will Graham.

Will was, after all, punctual. He knocked on the door, waiting, wearing a dark suit, double breasted, all one color, impeccably groomed.

Hannibal walked over, a smile on his face, and opened the door. “Will, please, come in,” he crooned, eye fucking the man before he even got inside. “You look exquisite…”

Stepping through, Will kept his hands to himself, giving the younger man a once over. “I know it’s a little early, but better than late…”

“I was hoping you'd come early,” Hannibal grinned wider and then closed the door after him. He gestured to the sitting room and licked his lips. “Would you like to have a drink before we go?”

“Sure,” Will said, “whiskey, please.” He took a seat near the fire, trying to ground himself for the evening. Just an outing to the symphony. That was it.

Hannibal nodded, and rumbled his response as he steeled his gaze on Will, “Anything you wish…” The boy sauntered, elegantly, out of the room to refill his brandy and get the whiskey. A moment later he returned and handed the amber liquid over before sitting down. “There we are.”

“Thanks,” Will said and took the whiskey, taking a long sip of it, steeling himself. “Symphony, huh?”

“Yes, I enjoy partaking of the arts,” Hannibal hummed, taking a pull from his brandy. He licked a stray drop from his lips as he watched Will. “Have you ever been before?”

“Once or twice while traveling through Italy,” Will said, giving Hannibal a look over the rim of his glass as he sucked down another sip.

Hannibal leaned towards Will, just so, eyeing him over his glass as well, a dark flush washing his features. “And did you find it enjoyable, Will?”

“I went twice, I think that says enough,” Will answered, enjoying the color the boy’s cheeks turned when he looked at him, admittedly far too attracted to the person Hannibal was, looks and personality alike.

“And you’ve likewise seen me twice now,” Hannibal grinned, splaying his free hand on the space of leather between them. “Imagine if one were to base your symphony example on this...what conclusions might be drawn, I wonder…”

“I don’t think you need to assume anything, I’ve already told you once the way I felt, along with the way things are,” Will explained.

“That you did,” Hannibal smiled, having just wanted to gauge Will and be sure he was still where he was the other night. “And yet, you've not kissed me once since walking into my home…”

“Nor you me,” Will retorted, lightly, taking another hearty sip, brow raised challengingly.

Hannibal didn't speak a word, he merely licked his lips, set his glass down and then took Will’s to do the same. Once he had them out of the way, he straddled the man’s thighs and grasped his face with a smirk, kissing him hard. “Much better,” he whispered and then went back in.

Right where Will wanted him, he grasped Hannibal’s ass with both hands, holding him there against him as he kissed the boy with utter abandon, the soft scrape of his beard against the younger man’s perfectly smooth face.

The boy moaned, a husky, drawn out thing and sucked Will’s tongue into his mouth, greedily as he humped down into the mob man’s groin. “Will…”

“Naughty little thing,” Will groaned back, hands coming to cup Hannibal’s face gently, pulling him down against him, kissing him deeper, sucking on his lip.

Hannibal bit on Will’s upper lip and moaned again, his cock hard and straining in his fine tuxedo trousers before grinning. “Yes, you inspire me to be quite naughty,” he murmured and nipped down the older man's neck. “Mm…”

Will smelled of fine cologne, something he’d picked up in Paris, rather than his usual old man smelling aftershave. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s slim hips, blue eyes dark with wantonly lust. “It must be awful not getting everything you want.”

“Perhaps I was merely waiting for what I did want,” Hannibal breathed, against Will’s neck, pressing his nose to his skin to scent him before biting his throbbing pulse. He didn't do it hard enough to leave a sort of mark, not yet, but the boy needed to little taste. “You-”

Will could not understand how a smart kid like this would want anything to do with a man like himself. Matthew Brown, he understood in a way, but Hannibal was a whole other league. He palmed down the boy’s head, tugging gently on his fine, pristinely quaffed hair. “Watch those teeth.”

Hannibal looked up at Will, arching a mischievous brow as he ran his tongue over his sharp fangs, teasingly. “If you insist,” he whispered and then wrapped his arms back around his shoulders to plunder his mouth again. “Later, then…”

God, did he want to devour the boy slowly. Will kissed Hannibal once again, sure that now foul or harm could come from a kiss alone. “Later…”

“Yes,” Hannibal murmured and cupped Will’s face as he slowly licked around, as well as between his lips. He couldn't wait for certain obstacles to be out of the way so they could ravage one another without concern.

“We should get going,” Will whispered, sucking Hannibal’s tongue back into his mouth one more time.

“We should,” Hannibal agreed, breathily as he gazed as Will and flicked his tongue over his kiss swollen lips. He didn't want to go at that moment, wanted to be someplace alone, out of the fine home they were in. But he knew he needed patience, so he composed himself. “Quite hard to stop but you are quite right...shall we?”

Will picked the boy up and sat him down on his feet once more. He fixed his own trousers and leveled his shoulders. “Let's.”

Hannibal winked and pressed down his own erection, adjusting his bow tie before smoothing his hair. He nodded and licked his lips. “After you, Will.”

“No, I insist,” Will said, opening the door for Hannibal, and once they were out he shut it and let the boy lock it up before escorting him to the car where he opened the door for Hannibal once more.

Will got into the car and started it up, heading for the symphony. Hannibal buckled up and folded his hands in his lap, canting his head at Will.

“That suit looks like it was made just for your magnificent body…”

“It was. Tailored in Florence,” Will said, as he drove, rolling down the window to light up a cigarette he’d rolled before he got here.

Hannibal grinned at that, loving the smug confidence that Will exuded. It was appealing enough that the cigarette habit, as well as the olfactory assault, was well worth it. “I imagine the tailor was thanking the gods for an opportunity to fit you.”

Will blew smoke out the window and then ashed his cigarette. “Yeah, something like that. He sure as hell didn’t charge as much as he could have.” Will smirked, smugly at that, looking to Hannibal for a moment to gauge his reaction.

The boy arched a brow, his lips twitching in just the faintest measure to indicate his jealousy-- an emotion that he deliberately let show. “A discount for your beauty then? Or perhaps something more?”

“He was a fine Italian man. Long dark hair, green eyes… Never poked me once with a pin,” Will explained a smirk flitting across his lips.

Hannibal gripped the arm rest, the twitch on his lips turning into a snarl as he eyes narrowed. He ran his tongue inside his cheek, his heart rate picking up. Obviously, the boy knew he was being goaded, but what surprised him was that it was working. “No pin but a sound prodding with something else? How you must miss this Italiano of yours…”

Will chuckled, blowing out smoke. He shook his head. “Thought maybe you’d caught on that I don’t just fuck and run. Sex isn’t something I’m interested in often, only when it’s right and it works.”

“All too often Italia brings out our more adventurous side,” Hannibal smiled, relaxing his grip, as well as his elegant features. He felt relief wash over him in a cool wave. It was silly

really, even if Will had fucked some man in another country, it would hardly have a hearing on now. “Just as I never give in to the sins of the flesh, unless there is a deeper meaning. Last night with Tobias was a rare occasion,” he smirked, mirth in his eyes which told that he was only teasing.

“The bartender? He’s not your type, nor you his. He’s got his nose way too far up your wife’s ass for that,” Will said, though a sneer did threaten to break free from his throat, he swallowed it down.

The truth was, Tobias did let his eyes wander Hannibal's way but the boy has no interest in him and as Will had said, he was very loyal to Bedelia. “Ah, yes, your impeccable perception strikes again,” he stated, meaning it as a compliment. “I was merely teasing you in return.”

“What you do in your spare time is no concern to me. We aren’t attached to one another,” Will said, trying to sound more aloof than he felt, already a connection had been made with Hannibal, one he could not bring himself to admit.

“No, I suppose we're not,” Hannibal said, quietly, the tinge of disappointment lingering beneath his words as he looked out the window and pursed his lips. He knew otherwise, there was a connection and it felt profound.

“Though if you did decided to mess around with your wife’s men, I would suggest you don't. I don’t need to be picking up the slack for the ones you get killed,” Will pointed out, looking over at Hannibal as he tossed his cigarette out the window at the stop light.

“I'll keep that in mind,” Hannibal said, continuing to pout to himself as he looked out the window. He braced his elbow on the door panel and supported his chin on the top of his hand. “I would not wish to be an indirect burden in that regard.”

“Hey,” Will said, his empathy getting the best of him in that moment. He reached over and touched Hannibal’s cheek with tobacco tinged fingers. “You aren’t. Do we have to play these games?”

Games were exactly what Hannibal knew, but he didn't want to play them with Will, not without provocation. He turned his face towards the older man, ignoring the scent of cigarettes and leaned into the caress. “I would rather not, no,” he said, surprisingly soft considering his murderous proclivities. “It is simply that I wish to know you without the forts or the caution.”

“You think I’m pitching forts in front of you?” Will asked, bopping Hannibal’s nose once as the light turned, and removed his hand to drive safely.

Hannibal chuckled and lifted both brows playfully at that. “Not forts, perhaps, but there is hesitance. However, I understand my situation all but demands it. Trust, that it will be rectified soon enough.”

Will raised a brow at that. He pulled into the parking lot and then looked over at Hannibal. “Perhaps admitting that to me isn’t wise.”

“I do not think you are the sort to run off to Bedelia and tell her,” Hannibal said, telling Will he trusted him with that statement. He took off his seatbelt and canted his head towards his escort for the evening. “If you would rather I not and that we never have certain opportunities, now is your chance to tell me. She will remain alive and well, as your Boss and my wife...if there's any point. Is there a point, Will?”

“You’d never be happy,” Will told him, knowing very little about Hannibal, but enough to know him intimately. Will fixed Hannibal’s bow tie and then got out, going around to help him from the car, arm out. “Let’s enjoy our time together without pretense.”

Hannibal got out and took Will’s arm, offering him a dashing, youthful smile as he shut the door and walked at his side. “An excellent idea,” he said, thinking he would enjoy this indeed and also noting that Will had not told him to spare his wife. Perfect. “The seating is private, boxed. Bedelia knows I prefer it as such.”

“I’m sure she does,” Will said, holding the tickets to the man at the door, who ushered them up to the seats and then left them alone. A bottle of champagne was left for them with two flutes. Will pulled out Hannibal’s seat for him. “How kind of them.”

“Yes,” Hannibal grinned and sat down, casting his amber eyes up to Will as he nodded his appreciation. It was exciting, attending the show with the man he was growing more and more attracted to. “Thank you.”

Will popped the cork and poured up the bubbly drink into both glasses and then set the bottle back on ice. He handed a flute to Hannibal, so attached already he was thinking of ways to make his boss’ exit one that would never be traced to him. “To us?”

“To us,” Hannibal confirmed and clinked his glass gently with Will’s, his eyes dazzling in the low lighting as the musicians setup. He took a slow sip, staring lustfully at the bigger man over the rim and then swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing. The boy, likewise, was sorting through recipes in his mind--ways in which he would like to serve her to his date.

Will licked a drop from his lips, unable to stop staring at the strange young man beside him. He’d never felt such attraction to anyone, ever. Not even his first wife, the one left him years ago.

“A penny for your thoughts,” Hannibal said quietly with a playful grin as he set his flute down and crossed one lean leg over the other. He couldn't stop staring either, truthfully, nor could he suppress the burgeoning swell of emotion that coiled and took shape in his breast.

“Wondering what kind of idiot I am to get myself into this mess,” Will murmured with a sigh, gulping the last bit of his drink down.

Hannibal frowned, slightly and took up his drink again, looking out at the stage for a moment as the rest of the audience took their seats. He turned his gaze back to Will and took another sip. “Even messes can be undone, if you find them to be too much, Will. I would not force you.”

Will leaned over, catching Hannibal's eyes with his own, not the sort to make direct contact, but he was going to here. "No, you would. It's not a game of catch and release for you. You want it, and you'll get it any way you deem fit. The problem is my own, because I'm letting you, and I want you to."

Will was right, and naturally, Hannibal knew that but it was impressive that he saw that. Saw him and wanted the boy just as he desired in turn. Looking into those piercing sea blues, he nodded slowly, swallowing with an audible click as his heart thrummed in his ears. Nothing else mattered, only this, them. "I do," he whispered, placing his hand on his date's thigh in the privacy of their box. "And I want you very much."

"Trust me then. It's better to wait until everything is in place," Will eluded, wanting nothing more than to pull that boy into his lap.

"I trust you," Hannibal said, the words also carrying an understanding to what Will was hinting at. He removed his hand and picked up his glass, finishing it off as the curtain on stage went up. "Ah, and so it begins."

"So it does," Will whispered, watching Hannibal more than he watched the symphony, lost in how the hell he got too close to this.

As the music started, Hannibal could feel Will's eyes on him and he, in turn, watched him, from his periphery. The boy grinned, coyly, keeping his gaze on the orchestra but letting the man at his side know that he was aware. "Beautiful, is it not?"

"Yes," Will said, his gaze turning the stage, to the music. "Very."

Hannibal canted his head to look at Will then, admiring his perfect profile, to the curve of his ears. He burned for him and wanted to be consumed by the hot flickering flame that blazed between them, unspoken for the time. "A night to remember with many more in store."

Will stood at that and leaned against the ledge, looking out over everything, and then offered his hand back for Hannibal to join him. "C'mere."

The boy stood and took Will's hand with a smile, walking over to stand next to him, shoulder to shoulder. "Anytime you beckon, I shall come," he whispered and then looked at the stage with a happy sigh.

Will walked around Hannibal, arms around his shoulders as he leaned against him, face down next to his as they watched. "Did you know Tobias plays in this particular symphony?" he whispered, knowingly.

"Yes," Hannibal whispered back, enjoying the feel of Will behind him and of his breath near his skin. He leaned his head against his tenderly and inhaled his alluring cologne. "I am not interested in Tobias, just to make that clear, Will. I only have eyes for you."

"Are you certain? There wasn't a reason you picked this particular symphony?" Will asked, quietly, lips touching the shell of Hannibal's ear as he spoke, breathily.

“I'm immensely certain,” Hannibal answered, a shudder of pleasure surging through him, straight to his cock as he felt Will’s lips there. “While I do not like Tobias, I enjoy his music and likewise that if the other musicians here tonight.”

Will was not so interested in any of it at the moment. He pulled the boy back against him, hands roving down his frame, over his hips, undoing his belt deftly. “Mhm…”

Hannibal lolled his head back against Will’s strong frame, hooking an arm back behind beautifully combed curls to hold there as he let the stronger man have anything he wanted. “Your touch feels like an all consuming fire…”

“Does it?” Will bit the boy’s ear lobe and licked around the shell as he unbuttoned his pants and slipped his hand down into them, palming over Hannibal hot, heated erection.

“Yes,” Hannibal breathed out, the music taking an intense upswing. He began to move his hips, slowly, grinding his ass against Will’s groin as a quiet moan slipped from his full, shapely lips. “One I would never wish to see extinguished.”

“Shh…” Will hushed, and began to stroke Hannibal, pushing his pants down to get a better grip, thumbing over the tip. “If they hear you, I stop.”

Hannibal nodded and didn't utter another word as he bit his lower lip hard enough to draw blood. He angled his head towards Will’s, offering his crimson stained lips to kiss as he panted. Will worked over Hannibal’s cock as he fed from his mouth, biting at every moan that dared to escape his perfect mouth.

Lust boiled in Hannibal's core, spreading through his body and ending near the tip of his swollen cock as his orgasm neared the precipice. He bit at Will’s tongue, sucking it into his mouth and then did the same to his lips.

“Come, right in my hand,” Will murmured, working Hannibal over with swift jerks and a squeezing fist. He wanted to taste the boy, have something to go home to and jerk off to.

On cue, Hannibal felt his balls draw up, muscles tensing as hot come spurted over Will’s deft fist. The boy let out a wordless shout before kissing him harder and more passionately while his jaunted hips stuttered with each delightful wave of release. “Will…”

Will pulled Hannibal back and sat him down on the chair, left open as he continued to leak, and got between his legs to lick the last drops off and then sat in his own chair, licking his fingers and palm clean, all while staring at the boy.

Hannibal looked over at Will, still trying to catch his breath from all of that and tucked his cock back in before doing up his fly. He leaned over and whispered, very quietly, “I would very much like to return the favor…”

“I know you would,” Will said, pouring them both more champagne.

The boy smirked at that and took the champagne, licking his lips after he took a sip. “As long as you're aware then.”

“I am. You’ll get what you want, just not right now,” Will smirked, using the towel left with the bottle to wipe his wet hand on.

“Cunning and entirely remarkable,” Hannibal whispered, taking another drink as the song had changed a few times over by now--he’d hardly noticed. “But I agree to your terms.”

“Good,” Will said, and they sat in relative silence, stealing glances at each other until the end, when Will stood, and reached for Hannibal’s hand.

Hannibal rose, champagne nearly gone and took Will’s offered hand, walking with him towards the building’s exit. He was sated, and satisfied save for wanting to return that favor. He could wait. “That was most enjoyable.”

“I’m glad you liked it,” Will said, keeping Hannibal close as they waded through the crowd and out into the parking lot, much cooler outside.

“Did you?” Hannibal asked, discreetly coy as the chilly air hit his still flushed skin. He could feel eyes on them as they moved further away from the people and he wondered if it was merely a spectator or someone else.

“Yes, I did,” Will admitted, letting go of Hannibal’s hand to have it slip through his arm. He opened the car door and helped him in.

Hannibal smiled to himself, quite pleased and then put on his seatbelt as he waited for Will to get in. Once he was, he looked over at him and licked his lips. “The question now becomes, back to my place or somewhere else?”

“It’s your evening, what would you like to do now?” Will asked, starting up the car once more, awaiting orders from his… date.

“Could we not go to your home? I'd like to meet your pack,” Hannibal offered, arching a curious brow. “If not then back to my place, I suppose.”

“You want to meet my dogs?” Will asked, eyeing Hannibal indifferently. He pulled out of the lot and headed for the outskirts of town.

“They are your family,” Hannibal began, being sincere in his offer. He wasn't a dog person really but Will was and as such he wanted to know and meet them. “And since they are, I'd like to get to know them and see your home.”

“You want to know where I live so you know where to find me,” Will pointed out, but headed toward his house anyway. He was already living on the dangerous side of things.

“I could easily find that out through Bedelia, Will,” Hannibal countered with a wink and touched the man's thigh. “But I suppose you are right also, as seeing it is vastly different from letters on paper. I do genuinely wish to see how you live though.”

“You may be sorely disappointed,” Will said with a grim smirk as he took the left toward the back roads, heading out into more isolated territories.

“Because I have eccentric tastes and lean towards the elegant things in life?” Hannibal asked, trying to catch a whisper of what it was Will was meaning would disappoint him.

“Yes,” Will answered, moments later pulling up to a lone house in the middle of woods, land as far as the eye could see, lots of space for dogs, and a river roaring just some acreage back. He parked the car and got out, going to get Hannibal’s door for him.

Hannibal got out and stretched, looking around the area. It has a quaint woodsman feel to it and while it wasn't to his tastes, it was beautiful. “Nature reminds us of our animal instincts.”

“I like the quiet,” Will explained, going to unlock the door, the dogs piling out at once to sniff and smell Hannibal with eager interest.

Stooping down, Hannibal let them scent him before he reached out to pet each one. They seemed behaved in the respect that they didn't jump on him, which was a relief. “A reprieve for your mind, I'd wager,” he said, standing up and smoothing out his tuxedo, seriously out of place given the setting. “No clutter or expectations in the wilderness.”

“After five years without it, it’s the only place I really want to be,” Will admitted, pushing the door further open to step in side, taking the dogs away from Hannibal to let him in. The inside was eclectic, nothing like the man in the fine suit standing in the middle of the room near Hannibal. Will Graham’s forts hid this bit of himself away from the rest of the world.

Hannibal walked further in and looked around, noticing the bed was in the living room. The house had a second floor so it was curious as to why the bed was downstairs. “Yes, I can imagine,” he said, tilting his head a tick towards Will. “Home is where we gather our strength and also a place in which we can be our truest self, at least in most cases.”

“No better way to be drunk than at home where no one can see you,” Will said with a cant of his head back at Hannibal, taking off his suit jacket.

Hannibal laughed a little and then removed his as well, along with the bow tie and cummerbund, setting them neatly on the table. He rolled up his sleeves and then put his hands in his pockets. “And do you drink often?”

“Only thing that gets me to sleep at night,” Will said, though there was hardly a mention of anything in his house that looked like he was an alcoholic.

“No judgment, Will, I too enjoy a nightcap,” Hannibal related, and looked around a bit more. He walked over to the table with lures setup and peered through the magnifying glass. “You're quite good at your craft.”

“I’m okay,” Will said, with a little smirk. “I’m a good fisherman.”

“You've certainly ensnared me,” Hannibal winked and took a lure into his hands, pressing his finger down on the sharp point to draw a bead of blood.

“I’ve… hooked you,” Will corrected, walking up behind Hannibal, aware they were more alone here than they would be anywhere else.

“Yes, hooked,” Hannibal grinned, clearly not knowledgeable about such things. He looked over his shoulder at Will as he set the lure down and sucked the blood from his finger. “And I am glad you did.”

“You’re a treacherous little thing,” Will sighed but not with contempt, but a self-loathing of sorts for allowing himself to be lured in as much as he had done to the boy, even if he hadn’t been aware. Will loomed ever closer to Hannibal. “Tell me, why did she marry you? How did you convince her?”

Hannibal smirked and watched Will from over his shoulder, licking his lips. “It took no convincing really,” he began, his confidence shining through as he waited for contact from the handsome older man. “I made it so that we happened upon one another and I started by complimenting the ensemble she wore that evening. She does so enjoy appeals to her vanity. After that, I pulled her into conversation, a meeting of minds that continued to be laced with flattery.”

“So you’re convenient to her and an ego boost to her aging shell,” Will said, though not much younger than Bedelia, he hardly needed a young counterpart to aid the wounds of his maturing form.

“Yes, and she serves a purpose for me as well or did. That purpose has been served now,” Hannibal said, turning around to look at Will. While the man looming near was older, he didn't look it in the least. “I harbor no love for her and have not touched her in weeks.”

“But you have touched her,” Will pointed out with a pointedly raised brow, though there was no room for jealousy here.

“As her husband, I, unfortunately, had to keep up appearances, yes. I found no pleasure in it,” Hannibal explained and boldly wrapped his arms around Will’s neck, letting his forearms rest on strong shoulders.

The idea of Du Maurier with Hannibal made Will’s stomach wrench into a tight hot knot, bile bubbling up there, daring to escape his throat. He didn’t push Hannibal off, but kept his hands to himself for the moment, gazing down into those amber eyes that had haunted his dreams since the other night. “None at all?”

“None,” Hannibal said quietly, honestly, as he looked back into sea blues. He slipped long, skilled fingers through Will’s hair and pulled him closer, drawing in his scent through flared nostrils. “No one has touched me, the way that you have, both in heart and mind, as well as physically, Will.”

Will pressed in closer, moving Hannibal back against the lure table, forcing the boy’s ass upon its edge as Will leaned. His long, calloused fingers pressed down into the wood, looming over Hannibal as he all but bent him backward. Their lips barely brushed, his breath on Hannibal’s supple lips. “If I find out otherwise, I’ll not only break any finger that touched you, but I’ll be sure to blow holes right through their hands.”

“A crucifixion, of sorts,” Hannibal whispered, his heart rate picking up at both the thought of Will exacting such dark vengeance on another and at the feel of him being so close. He

leaned forward to close the gap between their lips and bit down on Will's lower on with a throaty growl before letting go. "You have my word that it will not be an issue, even if I would enjoy watching you do so to Bedelia or anyone else."

Will nuzzled his nose against Hannibal's, blood forming on his lips where the boy's cannibalistic like teeth scraped. "We wouldn't want her death to be too much of a show, that would put a very unwanted target on our heads."

"An excellent point," Hannibal said and licked over Will's lip to collect the blood on his tongue. He hooked lean legs around him and dug his heels into his ass, keeping him there. "It should appear like a hit or even an overdose as she does enjoy her recreational drugs."

"I know she does. There's a concoction she takes, I know exactly who makes it for her," Will whispered. Even through their layers of clothes, Will could feel their heat, blurring together, and melting as one.

"As I said before, you are quite cunning, Will," Hannibal said, his lips curving into a devilish smile. He ran his fingers just under the collar of Will's shirt touching his skin. "Far too much clothing, wouldn't you agree?"

"Is it?" Will asked, elusively, swallowing once, allowing Hannibal the movements to undo his tie, should he wish.

Never had the young man surrendered to the authority of another so easily before, but he did with Will. He began to slowly undo his tie, seeing what reaction that might earn and then slid it off his collar. He folded it and set it on the table behind him. "Yes, quite, Will, you must be quite hot…"

"Good thing you're here to help me with that," Will whispered, biting at Hannibal's bottom lip this time as he raked one finger down from the top button of Hannibal's shirt, plucking buttons from it slowly.

"I do like being of assistance to you," Hannibal said, huskily, his hands resting on Will's waist before untucking his shirt to move underneath it. He scratched up his sides, over the trail of hair leading below his pants.

"You do owe me... something," Will whispered, palming down Hannibal's bare chest once before cupping the back of his head, and kissing him fully, slowly.

"That I do," Hannibal murmured when they parted for air. He clutched at Will's muscular back, still under his shirt and kissed him again, exploring his mouth. "That would require the removal of all of your clothing...or it would make it more comfortable at least, hm?"

Will undid the buttons of his shirt but kept it on, and then stepped back, out of his shoes, kicking them to the side. He raised his brows at the boy as if to ask 'well?'

Hannibal licked his lips at that and walked over, placing kisses from Will's neck, down his chest and belly, stopping at his waist line. That was when he got down on his knees. Hannibal Lecter, on his knees, worshipping the man before him. Deft fingers undid his trousers and

freed the older man's cock from them, carefully making sure his balls were out too before he cut his eyes up to Will and ran a hot stripe up the shaft.

Will's expression remained stern, but his eyes were dark with lustful want and need as he carded a hand through Hannibal's perfect hair. He held the boy just there, thighs spread as his trousers fell around his ankles.

“Mm,” Hannibal moaned and licked back down to Will’s balls, holding the weight of his cock in his hand. He nosed around the base and finally moved up to take the angry looking tip into his mouth. It was the first time he'd ever done this to a man, but he always knew of his proclivities.

“Good-” Will groaned, palming down Hannibal’s head, slicking down his hair where he’d mussed it. Will all but glared down at Hannibal, able to feel his first-time hesitations. “Slow… just go slow.”

Hannibal gave Will a look that indicated his understanding as he sucked gently, swirling around the head. He took a few more inches in, folding his tongue to fit the turgid flesh while his hand stroked the silky skin towards the root. Will sighed out with content at that, biting his bottom lip as his hips arched forward, trying not to stuff more of himself down the boy’s throat too soon.

Opening his throat, the boy went down as far as he could, stopping so he wouldn't gag--there was no elegance in that. He pulled back off to breathe and then took him into his mouth again with a vibrating hum. Will taste magnificent and Hannibal knew he would gladly be on his knees for him any day or hour.

“Hannibal-” Will heard himself groan out as his voice hitched uncontrollably, as the word dropped from his tongue like a prayer, he knew he’d do anything to keep the boy.

Hannibal looked into Will’s eyes with his own wet, honeyed ones and hollowed his cheeks, moving back and forth along his length at a quickening pace. Hearing his name from his lips was symphonic and sinfully sweet, something he very much needed more of. Will grasped Hannibal’s hair again and started to thrust a little, the building heat was expanding and coiling, threatening to burst.

“Pull back…”

Doing as bidden, Hannibal pulled off and licked his lips, panting through swollen red lips. He extended his tongue and started to jerk Will’s cock, wanting to taste the creamy nectar for himself.

“Good,” Will huffed, his toes curling into the carpet, his head rolled back on his neck, He came, hard and fast, squirting against Hannibal’s tongue and into his mouth, getting some of that young face of his.

Hannibal swallowed it down, greedily and wiped what was on his face off to clean his fingers of it. He finished by giving Will’s cock a thorough tonguing, sucking every last drop from the tip and down the sides. “Mm,” he groaned, pressing down his own erection as looked up at

the older man. The boy was a debauched vision, with hair in his damp eyes, and a seductive, pleased smirk on his full lips. “I could survive solely on your decadent flavor, Will…”

Will pulled the boy to his feet and kissed his mouth, tasting himself there, as he cupped his face, softly now. “I am wholly infatuated with you.”

Eyes sparkling with fondness, Hannibal took in a deep breath from the powerful kiss and held Will’s strong biceps to steady himself. “And I, you…”

# Chapter 4

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Will had taken Hannibal back home after a shared few moments more. The next morning he dressed again, Du Maurier was due back, and Will had things to go do before she called on him once more. Just as he assumed she would, she texted him about getting some of her favorite recreational drug, stating she wanted something to relax with when she got home to her husband. So, Will went to the dealer she most often dealt with.

Nigel opened the door in a cloud of smoke, gun pointed. “What the fuck do--” he paused then, withdrawing and uncocking his piece. “Oh, shit, didn't know it was you, gorgeous, come right in, eh?”

Will snubbed out his cigarette on the porch and then stepped in past Nigel. “Just me. Picking up Du Maurier’s usual,” Will said, cocking a brow at Nigel, who he’d been dodging for a while now.

The Romanian mobster grinned wolfishly, and closed the door behind him, taking a moment to stare at Will’s ass. “Got it here in the back,” he muttered, roughly but with the tinge of seduction in his tone when he added, “you want to save Du Maurier some money? We could work out some *other* way to call it even, blue eyes…”

“You know I don’t fuck for drugs,” Will said, hands in his pockets, more relaxed around Nigel than he was others.

“I know that, but *you* know I've got to keep trying,” Nigel snorted and gestured for Will to follow him to the back. He pulled out a briefcase, his best shit and opened it up, pulling out a small velvet box full of the blend that blonde cunt Bedelia liked. He thought the hoty toty can container was a bit much but whatever. Fuck it, and her really, long as she kept his pockets fat. Handing it over, he licked his lips. “I could take you out, or something...my cousin seems to think you're a good enough escort. Maybe I can escort you…”

“Your cousin?” Will looked at Nigel with wide eyes as he realized, just then. “You’re related to Hannibal.”

“Sure the fuck am...little pompous ass cousin Hannibal Lecter,” Nigel laughed, sharp teeth exposed as he plucked out a cigarette from his shirt pocket and lit it, once Will took the box. “Not many know that, so let's keep it between us, hm? Tell you what, I'll tell you anything you want to know over dinner…” He was persistent and had to give it one last go, since that offer had been dismissed and no one ignored Nigel Vaduva.

Will mulled it over. “What would it take to make the dosage I have here just a bit… *lethal*?” Will asked, head canted just so, watching Nigel for a reaction. Not many people actually *liked* Bedelia.

Nigel gave no reaction, because honestly, he didn't give a flying fuck about Bedelia. Taking a long drag of his cigarette, he exhaled and grinned finally, leaning against the door frame. “Could add a drug that will combine poorly to this, or some cyanide if you wanted to go old school. Depends on if you want the bitch to suffer or go quick, you know?”

“I want the *bitch* to die, but have it seem like an overdose,” Will explained, discreetly. “If I wanted her to suffer, I would have done it myself.”

“Well look at you...I have to say, I'm fucking impressed, beautiful,” Nigel rasped and stubbed out his half smoked cigarette. “Yeah I'll fix it up. Give me a minute while I do and as I'm doing that, you think over my proposal…”

“What will you take for payment?” Will asked, handing the box back.

Nigel took the box and walked over to his safe, opening that up and pulling out his strongest product, along with the poison. He stood up and went to the counter to cut and mix it. “Well you know what I *want* but since that's not an option, let's just say you'll owe me one.”

“I got money, if you want money,” Will said, plainly, offering that much up. He couldn’t justifiably give Nigel what he wanted, not with Hannibal in the picture.

“Alright then, double the usual,” Nigel said, not one to beg. He finished with the mix and repacked it, placing it back in the box. Walking over, he handed it to Will, then licked his lips. “This never fucking happened, feel me, gorgeous?”

“Never happened,” Will said and pulled out the cash he’d taken off Brown the other day and handed it to Nigel. “Same goes for you.”

“I'm not a fucking snitch,” Nigel said and took the money, putting it in his pocket for now. He eyed Will appreciatively once more than walked him to the front door. “Tell Hannibal to call me. He promised me a home cooked meal and shit. Figured you'd pass the word along during...pillow talk or whatever the fuck.”

“That obvious?” Will asked, and squeezed Nigel’s arm once with appreciation. “I’ll pass it along.”

“You wouldn't be here asking for my best shit if there wasn't something,” Nigel winked and opened the door. “Thanks and you know, if things don't pan out with him...you know where to find me.”

“If things don’t pan out, I’m sure your cousin will be making me into sculpture,” Will murmured, and smiled, and then left, to his car. He got in and pulled out his phone. Du Maurier was just landing and wanting to see him at eight. He texted Hannibal to see where he was.

Hannibal smiled as he read the text and typed out a response. *“At home, currently, just finishing dinner for the evening. Where are you, Will? I do hope you're thinking of me…”*

Will smiled before texting back. “*Just picking up for wife’s medication. She wants to see me at 8pm.”*

Sitting at the bar, the boy eagerly replied. *“Only my wife on paper, nothing more. I want to see you again and soon.”*

Will felt himself go hot with that, and replied back quickly. *“Before?”*

A pleased, excited grin spread on Hannibal's lips as he texted his answer. *“Preferably, yes. It would seem as though I cannot get you out of mind, not that I wish to. I'll be waiting…”*

Will drove to the Du Maurier residence and got out, leaving the package in the trunk of his car. He knocked on the door, fixing his suit as he waited.

Hannibal answered promptly, wearing grey trousers and a red button up shirt as he opened it up and smiled at Will, drinking him in. “Come in, Mylimasis.”

Will took Hannibal's face into his hands, and kissed him harder, wrapping his tongue around his own, pushing him into the house. "I missed you."

The boy hooked his arms around Will's strong frame, biting at his lips as he rubbed up and down his back. "I missed you too," he groaned, and plunged his tongue back inside, grinding up against him wantonly. "Excruciatingly so."

It'd been less than a week, but Will was falling hard, and fast. He pushed Hannibal into a wall and kissed him harder, slipping a hand up and under his shirt, feeling out every plan of smooth skin and muscle, knowing their time was limited.

Hannibal moaned at that, wrapping his leg around Will's thigh as he laved their tongues together and scraped his teeth over the slick muscle. He had thought of hardly anything else in their time apart, just Will and how they might fix the situation so that they'd be together without restrictions. "Will…do not stop," he breathed, huskily. "I'm burning for you."

"Tempest," Will groaned, rubbing his thigh against Hannibal's groin, biting at his lips as all but ripped his shirt open and kissed down Hannibal's chest, biting at his nipples, one at a time, on his knees for the boy this time.

"Yours," Hannibal rasped, threading his hands through Will's hair as he lolled his head back against the wall. The light caught his cheekbones just right at the angle and the boy curled his lips into a snarl of pleasure as his hips moved rhythmically.

Will undid Hannibal's pants and pulled him out, licking a strip up his cock once, and then took him down his throat, expertly. He shifted between Hannibal's legs, holding his hips there to bob over his length.

"Ah, Will," Hannibal groaned, tightening his grip on Will's hair as he lowered his head back down to watch. The way his cock disappeared between his lover's rosy lips was exquisite and something he wouldn't ever forget. "Just like that, my love."

Will wanted nothing more than to devour his boy, to see him come and taste him completely once more. He found himself dreaming about it at night, and the sooner he could have all of him, the better. Will laved his tongue around the top, grinding against the nerves as squeezed one hand around Hannibal's balls.

Hannibal had also enjoyed the past few nights dreaming about Will, touching himself before he slept, until he was shaking and coming over his fist. He was close now, his muscles tensing and ass flexing with each shift of his hips. "I'm nearing the edge," he moaned, the sensation of the handsome older man's lips and tongue breaking down all of his reserve. "Mm, Will-"

Gazing up at Hannibal, Will held tighter, sucking harder. He'd take it all, every last bit shot down his throat, wanting to taste the salt and warmth all at once. He squeezed Hannibal's ass in one hand, pulling him closer.

Grunting, Hannibal felt his balls go taut, his vision whiting out around the edges as he gasped and spilled down Will's throat. He held fast to the curls he gripped and shook, his tawny skin

washing with the deep flush of release. “Will-!”

Suckling Hannibal’s cock until it was completely flaccid, Will groaned and then kissed his hip, lips pink and swollen from sucking. “When this is over, I’m fucking you all night.”

Still trying to catch his breath, Hannibal guided Will up and embraced him tightly, licking the taste of himself from his lover's mouth. When they finally parted, he grinned. “Then I hope it is over quickly, so you can do exactly as you've stated.”

“Will you be seeing her tonight?” Will asked, quietly, their lips lingering together, blissfully. “Before I do?”

“No, she wants to attend to business first and then come home to me,” Hannibal answered, his breath hot over Will’s mouth. “Her wording. I would just assume she not return at all.”

“She won’t,” Will promised, kissing Hannibal softly.

***

Leaving Hannibal was the hardest thing to do, and for a second, Will wondered if he was doing the right thing at all. Du Maurier had been nothing but good to him, for years. Something about the boy spiked an anger in him, a need that he never thought he’d have for anyone. Was five days really long enough to know someone and kill for? Maybe.

Maybe not.

Will grabbed the box, making sure it looked as though it had not been tampered with, like it came right from Nigel, and tucked it under his arm. He walked through the bar and to the back, knocking on the door twice, before it opened. He stepped in and Tobias stepped out leaving Will alone with the woman.

“William,” she said, sitting at her desk, having a glass of wine. “Hannibal tells me you’ve been very attentive to his needs.”

“I have done as you asked. Took him out to do whatever he wanted to do,” Will answered, setting the box down on the desk. “I see why you wanted someone to babysit him.”

“Do you?” she asked, a wry smile crossing her delicate features. She cross one leg over the other, tapping her red heeled toe against the ground. “He’s very particular. I was going to have Tobias do the honors of escorting him, but I’ve seen the way he looks at Hannibal. I knew I could trust you, William. You never let your eye stray from the job.”

It took a lot for Will’s interests to get in the way of his work, and for the first time, he realized that Hannibal had to mean something greater to him if he was willing to risk it all. “I live to serve.”

Du Maurier finished her wine and set the glass down on the desk and then leaned over to take the box, opening to find her favorite vile of relaxation medication. It was the best thing she ever bought after time away from home, especially with a needy little husband and his

constant prattling. She took out the vile and then her own personal intravenous tubes, giving Will a look.

Will looked away. “Anything else you need?”

“No.” She slid him another envelope with a soft, gesturing smile.

Will took it, slipping it into his pocket. “I’ll be seeing you then.”

***

“I left, but she was about to get her fix,” Will told Hannibal as he cupped his face with both hands, kissing down into his mouth slowly. “You’ll just need to act like the upset husband when they find out.”

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will’s waist and kissed him again, his chin tilted up and strong jaw working as he massaged their tongues together. When they parted for air, he grinned and rubbed up his lover’s back. “Worry not, I am well practiced for that,” he whispered, gazing up adoringly at the older man. “I will have to concoct some way to repay you this gift.”

“No need,” Will whispered, pressing Hannibal up against the bar as they kissed, trailing down his neck with sharp nips of his teeth.

“Will-” Hannibal groaned, fingers tangling into Will’s hair as his throat was pleasured in just the way he liked. He rolled his groin into his beloved’s, his hot hands going back down and around to rub almost desperately all over him. “Soon, very soon we will have no more boundaries.”

“Yes-” Will managed to moan into Hannibal’s neck, biting there roughly, not hard enough to mark just yet.

With a snarl of lust, Hannibal hooked a leg around Will to grind their clothed cocks together, messing up the older man's hair as he brought him back up to his mouth to bite at his lips and tongue. “Mm-”

Keys rattled in the door and Will didn’t have enough time to stop kissing his beau before the door opened and the clack of expensive heels clattered across the tiles of the foyer, and into the living room. Bedelia stood there with the box under her arm, and one brow cocked, speculatively as Will and Hannibal both turned to stare at her, flushed hot and mussed.

“Well, can’t say I’m too surprised,” she breathed, her emotions seemingly under control as she set down her bag and the box. “Pour me a bourbon, Hannibal.” She walked to one of the chairs and sat down, pulling her hand gun from her purse. “Bring it to me.”

Hannibal looked from her to Will, a micro smile that only his love would be able to detect, present on his kiss swollen lips as he cleared his throat quietly and moved over to do as she'd requested. Once the glass was full, he turned back and walked it over, his eyes narrowed on

her face as he offered the dark liquid. “There you are,” he said, no fear or remorse in his tone for what she'd walked in on. “And what do you intend with that gun, dear wife?”

Bedelia cocked the gun and let her finger rest on the trigger. “That depends,” she glanced Hannibal over like he was some toy, something she had to figure out how to turn off, or on for that matter, likely how she misunderstood him completely. “We could make this work, the three of us.”

Will was frozen to his spot, but visibly balked at the idea, but moreover the fact his boss was saying it at all. Perhaps what Brown said was true, after all.

Hannibal quirked an amused brow at that, and looked back at Will briefly to see his reaction. He wasn't considering it, but as usual, he was curious. “Tell me then, what is it you think the three of us could do to make it work?”

“A partnership, Hannibal. I know you don’t know much about this world we live in, Will and I, but you’ll learn,” Bedelia answer snidely. “It’s clear the two of you already get along, why can’t we as three. Will and I know each other well enough, have for years.” “Bedelia-” Will started to say, stepping forward, but she pointed the gun at him instead, and he stayed put, for now, not reaching for his gun.

“It’s either yes or I kill you both.”

Hannibal snarled at her actions and cut a telling glance to Will, blood and rage flashing in his eyes just briefly before he let it fade out and turned back to his wife to smile. “Very well…” he began, the wheels of his mind turning quickly. “Then I suppose there is no alternative in the matter.”

Will gave Hannibal a look, dark and daring, his hand reaching behind his back to grab for his gun. Just as Will grabbed his gun, a sharp shooting pain entered his shoulder, the sound of a gun going off barely heard over the sound of blood rushing in his own ears. Will turned to see Tobias lurking from the shadows, gun aimed at him as Will dropped a little to the ground on his shot shoulder. He got his own gun up and shot Tobias twice, once past his head, the other straight in through his head, splattering brain matter, blood, and bone across the curtains.

Bedelia huffed. “That settles it,” she said, standing to point the gun at Hannibal. “Gun down, Will.”

Will set the gun down, shoulder bleeding down his arm, dripping from his fingertips onto the wood flooring. He gave Hannibal a look, as though mentally talking to him.

Outwardly, Hannibal looked calm, unphased but inwardly he was seething and the beast within was howling, breaking free of its cage. As Bedelia looked to watch Will drop his gun, the boy knocked hers out of her hand and quickly came around behind her. He choked her then, one arm around her waist to pin her limbs down as he gave his beloved the go ahead.

Managing to stand, the shock and adrenaline had not yet worn off, Will got to the box and opened it, taking the jar out and the syringe to fill the IV as it were meant to take, but he took

the needle to Bedelia instead, watching her thrash and writhe in Hannibal's surprisingly firm grip.

"You wouldn't," she croaked out, gasping. "You righteous, reckless, twitchy little man!"

Will glowered at her and took her arm in hand, tugging hard, he pressed the needle into a vein, slowly, watching as it all disappeared into her. "Nothing more than an accident…" he whispered to her. "As it was meant to be."

Will wiped the needle off and put it in her hand for finger prints, watching her eyes close slowly, her body convulsing.

Hannibal kept her in his grasp as she began to foam at the mouth, her heart rate erratic before it slowed, winding down. He smiled, his mouth near her ear so he could usher her to death with a few last words. "It would seem as though we did work together, the three of us, and quite well...but unfortunately for you, this is not *that* kind of party."

Will groaned, looking at her gun, the same as his own, slightly different, both of them had the serials rubbed off long ago so they wouldn't be traced. "They can assume she killed her lover over there, and then herself." He got to his feet, panting, holding his shoulder, but the only sign of pain he showed was a little grimace. He wiped the blood from the floor that was his own with a towel and then picked it up to take with them."You'll need to, uhm… make it seem like you just got home…"

Hannibal put her lifeless body on the couch and positioned her, wiping her down a bit to get their prints from her skin. He took a breath, pleased with their work and nodded, looking at Will. "Of course, I will see to it," he said, examining his beloved's shoulder. "We need to get to your place, so that I can attend to your wound and remove the bullet."

Will bent low and wiped up his blood off the floor, holding the rag to his wound and nodded. He put his gun in his pants and handed Hannibal his keys. "Hope you can drive."

Hannibal took the keys and nodded, grabbing his medical bag from University. "Yes," he smiled and hooked his arm around Will's waist to offer support as they walked out and to the car. He opened the door for his beau and helped him in, getting in himself and cranking the car. "Fortunately for us, Tobias was a horrible shot."

"I don't think he's ever shot a gun before now," Will sighed, easing himself into the car, moving around to get comfortable. The pain was starting to ebb away at his vision, so he closed his eyes. He'd had worse.

Hannibal took Will's hand on the unaffected arm and kissed it, backing up to head towards his lover's home. He pulled out onto the street and nodded. "No, perhaps not," he said and then steeled his eyes to the road. "There are some pain medicines in my bag, lortabs. Please take one with the water here in the console."

Will reached for the bag the best he could and popped a few of the pills, dry. "Thanks."

“You're welcome,” Hannibal replied and pressed on the gas, not speeding but certainly going faster than he might normally drive.

After an hour or so, Hannibal pulled up to Will’s place and turned off the car, he got out and opened his beau’s door, helping him up and to his feet, medical bag in his hand. Up to the door they went and he unlocked it, guiding his beloved inside as dogs swarmed their feet, whimpering with concern for their master. “Sit here while prepare the area,” he said, helping him into the chair. He got the tools laid out, with water, towels and antiseptic and cut off Wills shirt, pulling it off as he began to cleans the area. “This will sting quite greatly, Mylimasis.”

“I figured it might,” Will said, mostly out of it now, a little light headed from the loss of blood, but it wasn’t a lot. Luckily, the rag he had holding on it had kept a lot of it in, but he was in for a lot more once Hannibal started to dig.

Once the area was clean and his gloves were on, Hannibal held Will’s shoulder and used the forceps to carefully work out the bullet, with little word from Will other than the few huffs and puffs as he tried to hold still with the pain. After it was out, Hannibal cleaned the area again, injecting an antibiotic by way of a needle under his arm before he stitched the wound up and wrapped it. Finally, he pulled his beloved against his chest, gently and hugged him, gloves off as he stroked his hair. “There we are, Will.”

The painkillers made Will listless, lethargic as he lay up against Hannibal willingly, letting the boy care for him. “I’m pretty sure the ER would have at least numbed it first,” he snarked, drowsily.

“Apologies. I did not have time to procure the numbing agent, my love, but I hoped that the lortab would aid in that,” Hannibal explained, breathing with Will a moment longer as the dogs laid in the floor and watched through shifting eyes. “Let me get you into bed, hm?”

“Okay, yeah… bed,” Will huffed, breathing a little harder as he got up to his feet with Hannibal’s help.

Hannibal helped him lay down and propped the pillows behind his head before covering him up. “I'll get some water, and make some soup, if you have the ingredients.”

“I might,” Will sighed, more groggy than he was in pain now, aware they had worse things to worry about than soup or water, but he couldn’t bring himself to care.

Naturally, Hannibal had that in mind but his priority now was taking care of Will. If he wasn't in good condition they would be in for a world of obstacles. Walking over, he kissed his beau’s lips and went into the kitchen. “I'll check then. Just rest, Mylimasis. I'll be quick enough.”

Will was already dosing by the time Hannibal left his side, snuggled into the pillow and a few of the dogs.

Hannibal smiled and got to work.

After about an hour, quick for him, Hannibal had prepared chicken soup and brought it over to set next to Will's bed. It wasn't how he'd hoped to introduce him to his love of the culinary arts but it would have to do for now. The boy leaned over and kissed his beau's brow to rouse him, as well as feel for fever.

"Supper is ready, Will."

Will moved just slightly, blinking his big blue eyes open at Hannibal, confused for a moment where he was, sure that he was somewhere else with someone else altogether. He'd done this song and dance many times over. "Is that chicken soup?"

Hannibal cut his amber eyes up to meet sea blues, ticking his head a fraction as his tongue swept over full lips just before he smiled. He sat next to Will, assessing as he picked up the bowl--not as fine as the china back at his place but not atrocious either--and plucked the spoon from the warmth of soup that waited there within. "Yes," he said simply, a deep sounding word that lilted and revealed the lisp he had worked hard to try to contain. It was to no avail but that was hardly the point now, as he blew on the spoonful and offered it up with a bit of mirth as well as love in his hues. "Try it, please. You need to keep up your strength."

"It's just a gunshot wound," Will whispered, but let Hannibal feed and dote on him anyway, well aware he'd have it no other way. He leaned in, sitting up, to take the offered spoon full of soup.

Hannibal beamed, pleased that Will was cooperating and that he could provide the sustenance required. "True," he agreed, and handed his beau the spoon this time, deft fingers keeping a firm grip until his beloved was ready. "But infections lead to sepsis and trust that it is not something you would like to experience. It's best to stay on the side of caution."

"Right," Will said, taking the spoon, shaking only a little, he shoveled more soup into his mouth with brows raised high into his hairline toward Hannibal. "I'll be fine. We need to start worrying about what's going to happen."

"The way she was left, and with the sheer volume of drugs she so often does, I do not think it will be tied back to us," Hannibal mused, sitting right by Will's side as the moon shone through the window and the dogs ate at their dishes. "If we were to flee, then that, as you know, would certainly raise suspicions."

"I'm not saying that. People that work for her are going to ask questions. Are you prepared to take over her work?" Will asked, well aware Bedelia was smart to marry someone that might.

"Ah you meant with the business," Hannibal said with a nod. He pursed his lips and placed his hand on Will's leg, over the cover to rub there. "I am fully prepared, should it go that way, however...I think it would be more fitting if you were to take her place. In more than one way, once we've…spent more time together, of course. How do you feel about that?"

"It's whatever you want, in the end," Will mused, watching his beau with a slower mind, gaze to match. "Take the spot when she's pronounced, give it time, I'll help you, and if you hate, I'll take over."

“An excellent idea, Mylimasis,” Hannibal smiled, reaching out to stroke Will’s cheek but making sure not to interfere with his eating. “As long as you're at my side, little else matters.”

“Did all this *for* you,” Will whispered, sipping more off his spoon, if only because it seemed like Hannibal wanted him to eat it. “Wouldn’t go anywhere without you now.”

“Good, because I would surely follow you to the ends of the earth if you left,” Hannibal whispered back, smiling warmly at Will. He leaned forward and kissed his beau’s hand when it was free. “And thank you, for making it so that we no longer have boundaries.”

“Now you get to deal with me being injured first,” Will said with a wry grin, eyes lighting up a little as Hannibal continued to dote on him.

“Merely putting my skills to practice and on someone whom I love very much,” Hannibal confessed, stroking the skin of Will’s hand. “You could never be a chore.”

“You did good,” Will said, setting the bowl aside, not very hungry. “You’ll be a great doctor.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal smiled, though he'd hoped for a reciprocal confession of love. Still, it hadn't been long and Will had shown it in other ways. It was more than enough for the boy. “I am at the top of my class. I think my parents would have been pleased.”

“Would have?” Will asked, not one to confess his love a week into a relationship. He had to feel things out, trust, as it were.

“Both of my parents were killed,” Hannibal explained, his face conveying no emotion on the subject. “Caught in gunfire, a war over territory that left my sister and I, Mischa, on our own.”

“Sorry to hear,” Will said, with a sigh, opening the bed up to make room for Hannibal next to him, scooting a dog out of the way.

Hannibal set the soup down, out of the way for now until Will wanted more and got next to him in the bed, scenting to make sure there was no infection setting in. “Thank you. What was worse was the fate that befell my sister. I haven't spoke of it to anyone, before now.”

“You can trust me, if you want to talk about it,” Will said, quietly, wrapping his good arm around Hannibal to keep him close.

The boy leaned his head on Will’s shoulder, looking up at him for a moment before giving a sad smile. “After the death of our parents, I was her charge. One evening, I went out to gather some wood for the fire and when I returned, albeit quickly, she'd left our home,” Hannibal explained, his eyes welling up with real tears. “She was taken, beaten, and raped by a group of older mob men. Eventually, I found a way to forgive her for leaving and myself for not keeping a better eye on my beloved sister.”

“That can’t have been too long ago,” Will whispered, strumming fingers through Hannibal’s hair as he spoke. “The mob, why would marry into it?”

Hannibal closed his eyes, feeling a comforting touch was not something he'd felt since he was a young lad. “Marrying into the mob makes it all the more easier to find my way to those who wronged her and my parents,” he explained, quietly. “Nigel has proven helpful in that regard and is assisting me in my quest.”

“Yeah. I can help. We can help.” Will sighed and held Hannibal close to him. “Speaking of Nigel, he still wants his home cooked meal.”

That made Hannibal chuckle a little as he nuzzled Will and took comfort in him. His cousin never ceased to amaze him. “Thank you, Mylimasis and ah yes, well, perhaps sometime soon, once things are settled we should have him over,” he said and then added, “Forgive me, I do not mean to presume about us, it's early yet. But a dinner party would be enjoyable, I think, as long as he can restrain himself and his flirtatious ways when it comes to you.”

“We are whatever you want us to be,” Will said, and nuzzled Hannibal, feeling more relaxed and cuddly than usual. “Nigel is relentless. He told you about me?”

Hannibal basked in the affection, cherishing it. He kissed under Will’s jaw and grinned. “Yes, that he did, just as he also told me that if I, to phrase it as he did, *fucked things up* with you, to let him know so that he could try to win you over.”

Will smiled at that, rubbing Hannibal’s shoulder, keeping him as close as he could get him, his warmth a welcome at his side after years of no one taking up that space. “He doesn’t relent.”

“No but I warned him to stop,” Hannibal smiled though he was quite serious. He placed his hand over Will’s and kissed him again. “And as for what I want us to be, titles are not important as long as we are together.”

“Together is what we’ll be,” Will whispered, against Hannibal’s ear, closing his eyes. He wasn’t worried about anyone coming between them. They only needed each other now.

“Good,” Hannibal whispered back and reached over to stroke Will’s chest, up to his face. There would never be another for him, only Will Graham. “Rest, please, and I will tidy up and attend to the pack.”

“Stay,” Will whispered again, keep his hold on Hannibal, having never wanted to hold something so tightly, for so long.

“Where else would I go?” Hannibal murmured, with a smile and snuggled back into Will's hold, careful not to harm his injured shoulder. He preferred to be nowhere else, just there, in his lover's arms. “*Here* is exactly where I wish to be.”

# Chapter 5

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Will woke to his phone going off, which he rolled slightly to answer after seeing Jack's number light up the screen.

“Yeah?” he managed, holding to phone to ear as his head swam with groggy, medicated haze.

“Boss lady kicked the bucket,” Jack said, not missing any words right away as he smoked. “She shot her lover, Tobias, and then OD’d on some strong shit. We're going to have a

meeting soon." A pause and then, "Where are you? You fucking sound high as hell."

"I'm at home," Will said, rolling up onto his elbow as he looked around to see if Hannibal was about, finding all the dogs on the bed with him instead. "Dead huh? Tobias? Really?" He rubbed a hand over his face.

Hannibal walked out of the bathroom, and sat down near Will as he watched, listening.

"Yes, that's what I said. It's chaos here. Where's Hannibal? He needs to know about this," Jack said, gruffly, not wanting to deal with all this shit when he'd been considering retirement soon. "And *you* need to be here. You two better not be together, Will."

Will raised it brows toward Hannibal. "I'll be there in a minute and I'll see if I can call him," Will sighed and moved to get out of bed.

"Good, see you at the bar," Jack said and then hung up. No sooner than he had and Hannibal touched Will's arm.

"Let me go. There is no way you can conceal your wound, Will and that will only raise suspicion."

"I wear a jacket, it won't be an issue," Will insisted. "This is not my first rodeo."

"I know or I can assume," Hannibal said and pursed his lips on thought. He obviously couldn't force anything. "Then perhaps you can tell them you found me at the museum. There is an exhibit on Achilles and Patroclus there as of today in fact. Quite fitting really."

"Okay," Will said, getting to his feet, he pulled on an under shirt, carefully, and then another button down, and a different suit jacket. He pulled on clean slacks and his loafers, and smiled at Hannibal once, caressing down the side of his face with one hand. "We'll make it work."

"We will," Hannibal agreed and leaned into the touch, smiling fondly at his beau before putting his shoes on. "I'm ready whenever you are, Mylimasis."

An hour later they were arriving at the bar, where Jack wanted to meet, Will opening Hannibal's door for him and shutting it once again. He opened the bar door, let the boy in first, as though royalty and next in line for the Du Maurier fortune and fame.

"Thank you," Hannibal said, keeping a serious yet grief stricken expression painted on his face as he walked in.

"There you are," Jack said, giving Will a discreet look but he didn't call attention to it.

"I had to pick him up from the museum," Will said with a pointed look at Jack. "He'd been with his cousin for the evening."

"I see," Jack said with a nod, believing Will. He walked over to Hannibal and having only seen him once prior and stuck out his hand, which the boy took to shake. "Good to see you, Mister Lecter."

“Hannibal,” the boy corrected, forgoing his usual extreme courtesy for the time being. He would need to garner respect and Bosses didn't say please. “I trust everyone is ready and waiting?”

“Yes, Sir, we were just waiting on you. Condolences, Du Maurier was a damn good woman.”

“Yes,” Hannibal said and then looked at Will and Jack, telling them to follow him into the private area in the back.

Will followed, next to Jack, entering Du Maurier’s office and shut the door behind them. Will had Jack take a seat, and then took one next to him, his posture relaxed. “So what now?”

A few other men were present and as Hannibal sat at the head of the table, they all tipped their heads out of respect to who would likely be their new leader.

“Now we take a vote, just to make sure we're all on the same page here,” Jack said, looking over everyone, Will and then Hannibal. “But we all know what page that is. All in fucking favor of Hannibal taking over Du Maurier’s role--may she rest in peace--hands up.

Each man raised their hand, Jack included as Hannibal sat calmly, arms crossed and then it was Will’s turn to decide. And honestly, who else would it have been, however, Will knew Hannibal knew little of the industry, he only hoped to help. He raised his hand.

“Was there a doubt?”

“Not from me,” Jack said with a small, knowing smile and then turned back to Hannibal. “Congratulations, Sir. We're only sorry it is under these circumstances. She left everything to you and now you take her place.”

“Thank you, Crawford, and I will insure that I maintain things just as she did, with a few changes perhaps,” Hannibal stated, nodding to the group. “Will Graham will retain his position as my right hand, just as he did so loyally for my wife. All of you, save for Vincent, shall retain your jobs.” The mob boss looked at the man he'd just fired and wet his lips. “You have been found to be a liability and more than that, a thief, stealing off the top like a rat searching for scraps.”

Vincent stood up, angrily at the loss of good employment and drew his gun on Hannibal. “Fucking little twirp!”

Will pulled his gun out and stood, aiming it at Vincent. “Sit down. I *will* blow a hole right through your head.”

Other men began to pull out their guns in defense of Hannibal, who sat amused and calm as Jack watched.

Vincent knew he was outnumbered, especially with the gun Will had on him. So he put his piece away and sat down. “This shit ain't fucking over.”

Hannibal looked from Vincent, to Will, understanding he couldn't simply let it go, that would earn him no respect but they also couldn't kill him there either, not unless it was necessary.

“Vincent needs to be taken to the warehouse, I believe. Good work gentlemen,” he said and then rested on his beloved. “That goes double for you, Graham.”

Gun still drawn, Will had it in good faith to shoot Vincent right there, despite it all. Hannibal had signed his death warrant anyway, it wasn’t like he was going to go peacefully to the warehouse, not after voicing it. Will would talk to him about that later.

Hannibal could see the love from Will in that action, and in his stance-- though to others it merely appeared to be blind devotion to his work and position. The boy snapped his fingers to the other men, who drug Vincent out of the room, getting ready to take him to the warehouse. “I believe there is nothing further for now, leave Will and I, we have business to discuss.”

Jack nodded and bowed his head with a smile, looking at Will for a moment before chuckling go himself as he walked out the door, leaving the lovers to themselves. Hannibal got up and locked it, walking over to his beau. “Thank you, Mylimasis. How is your shoulder?”

“Throbbing,” Will admitted, gun down, he set it back in his pants for now, looking down at Hannibal. “I think Jack’s knows.”

Hannibal pulled another pain pill from his coat pocket and offered it up, water already on the table from the meeting--even if it had been short. “Yes, I detected a whiff of epiphany present,” he said, musing. “Do you trust him enough to keep quiet or should we *deal* with this situation?”

“He won’t care,” Will assured, taking the pill and swallowing it with a drink of water, and set it back down. “He keeps his nose out of what isn’t his business.”

“Excellent,” Hannibal said and then got up, walking over to wrap his arms around Will’s neck. “You and I have all the power and once you are able, we should celebrate, as we’ve wanted to up to now.”

“You think I can’t now?” Will asked, his good arm around Hannibal’s waist, other hand rest on his hip. “I told you, this isn’t a new condition, just a minor hinderance.”

“Then you shall have to convince me of that back at your home, hm?” Hannibal crooned, leaning into Will’s chest as he gazed at him. “After we pay a visit to the warehouse.”

Will kissed down into Hannibal’s mouth slowly, humming softly. “Maybe. Next time, just have him taken care of, don’t even say anything… it’s torment for them.”

While Hannibal was intelligent and had killed, more than once before, however he'd never ran a business such as this. It was safe to say he had things to learn, but he was delighted he has his beloved Will to aid him in that. “Ah, yes, I suppose that would have been the more optimal option,” the boy agreed, and kissed his lover's neck. “What I am versed in are more intimate interactions. It will take a bit of time to adjust but with you at my side, I am confident.”

“I’ll help any way I can,” Will whispered, aware in that moment just how right Brown had been about him. “C’mon, let’s go.”

“Yes, my love, let’s,” Hannibal murmured and slotted their lips together once more before parting and walking out of the office back into the main part of the bar.

Will kept his distance, one step behind Hannibal, grim and glowering as he nodded to Jack at the bar, and moved to shoulder the door open with his good arm. He made sure Hannibal got in before he did so himself, and then started up the car and drove off toward the warehouse to oversee Vincent’s timely execution.

Hannibal did up his seatbelt and once they were out of view of the bar, he placed a hot palm on Will’s thigh, rubbing slowly. “Soon enough and once a suitable amount of time has passed, we will announce our true relationship to the family.”

“You’ll probably find you’ll get a lot of sympathy because of the suicide and Tobias,” Will mentioned, having had set that up just perfect enough. No one is going to judge, but you have to be on your toes.”

“You raise an excellent point,” Hannibal hummed, looking over at his beau. He was glad that things were falling in line. “How are you feeling? No dizziness or fever?”

“I’m fine,” Will insisted, pulling in to the lot of the warehouse, and getting out. He opened Hannibal’s door for him and then lit up a cigarette.

Hannibal got out and smoothed down his attire, closing his door. He leaned up against the car, muscular ass pressed against the frame as he crossed a leg over the other at the ankle. “I suppose it is nearly time to get creative.”

“Yeah. He stole money, it’s not the biggest offence, but I’d make it fast,’ Will shrugged, dragging out a long inhale of his smoke and then let it out slowly, watching Hannibal with a wolf-like gaze.

“Then I will,” Hannibal grinned, his shark like teeth poking down beneath his upper lip when he saw how he was being looked at. “Guns are not my weapon of choice, however, so I will slit his throat.”

“Fine choice. You’ll want gloves,” Will said, opening the car door to produce a pair from the glovebox.

“Thank you,” Hannibal responded with a wink and took them, pressing them onto his hands and adjusting them accordingly. He licked his lips, wanting nothing more than to be alone with Will and nodded. “Shall we?”

Will leaned in and nipped Hannibal’s lips once, letting their breath linger together a little longer. “Let’s go, *Boss*.”

Hannibal stroked Will’s cheek with a gloved hand and smiled. “Yes, let’s, *Graham*.”

In they walked and everyone gave a nod to the new Boss. Hannibal merely surveyed the area, circling the traitor who was bound and gagged, tied to a chair in the middle of the warehouse. The boy brandished his scalpel, letting it come down from his coat sleeve and twisted it, the metal catching the light. “Let this be a lesson to you all,” he snarled and gripped Vincent’s hair hard, angling his neck back to expose his throat. “This is precisely what shall happen, should *any* of you not defer to my authority. Is that understood?”

Everyone stood straight, nodding, not saying a word. Will stood by, holding his gun in hand, should anyone actually lash out and attempt to stop Hannibal. He watched his boy with a curious eye, aware of his violence, aware of what he could do, but to see him in action, was something else.

Pleased at the response, Hannibal lunged forward and slit the man's throat, the arterial spray, washing over his features. As the traitor shook and bled out, the boy cleaned off his blade, on Vincent's gag, and turned to look at Will, the lust beginning to surge through his veins, like battery acid. “There,” he said, calmly and licked his lips before addressing the others. “Dispose of this filth immediately.”

“You heard him,” Will said, plainly, but his eyes were dark with impending lust, wanting nothing more than to take his boy and fuck him right into the ground in the puddle of blood starting to form there.

As the men, who'd been staring in awe and shock at the boy’s capabilities, started to get to work, Hannibal walked over to Will. His fine italian loafers clacked on the hard concrete floor as he put away his weapon and gave a slight, barely there micro-smile to his lover. “I believe we are done here, for now.”

“I’ll take you… home,” Will said, leading Hannibal out, the mess clean up was far below his own capabilities. If they needed help, they could call in Katz after all.

Hannibal nodded and removed his gloves, handing the man at the door as they walked through. Once they were in the car, he buckled up and canted his head towards Will. “Quick and painless. At least for us,” he grinned.

“For us, yes,” Will said, starting the car up once more, and backing out of the lot, heading toward his place. “My house? I don’t suppose they’ll let you in yours.”

“Not yet, no,” Hannibal agreed and laced his fingers around his knee as they went down the road. “Your place.”

Will refrained from another cigarette, and instead turned the radio on, letting the oldies station bleat out tunes as they drove back to his place. Once there, he parked and opened Hannibal’s door for him once more, and locked the car up.

Hannibal thanked Will with a smile and a nod, walking up to the door to be let in. Once inside, he removed his coat and touched the blood that was drying on his face. “May I use your restroom?”

“My house is your house, Hannibal,” Will said, taking his suit jacket off slowly, wincing at the stretching, aching pain in his shoulder. He set it down over the sofa and went to let the dogs out.

A few moments later and the boy returned, looking for Will. His face was smooth, clean, with not a trace of blood on his person as he walked to join his beau. “Thank you,” he crooned and then began to undo the buttons of Will’s shirt. “I need to check your wound again, please.”

“Any excuse to get me naked again,” Will said, well aware they’d only been so a handful of times, if that, but he wanted it without the pretense of injury in the way.

“I do enjoy the opportunity to look at your exquisite body,” Hannibal smiled and then carefully slipped the tie and shirt off, setting them neatly aside. Two birds, one stone, in the soon the be doctor’s mind. “But I am concerned over your shoulder.”

“It’s fine,” Will insisted, touching Hannibal’s face with his hand, but allowed him to undress and aid his wound any way he saw fit.

Hannibal flitted beryl eyes to sea blues and leaned into the touch before making sure infection wasn’t starting. He also checked the stitch work and when he was satisfied, placed a kiss over Will’s heart. “Yes, that you are…”

“Horrid boy,” Will whispered fondly, taking his face in his hands and pulled him up to kiss him properly, heatedly, on the mouth.

“And all yours,” Hannibal murmured, as they caught their breath, and then went back in for more. He looped his slender arms around Will’s waist and rubbed up against him with a deep hum.

Will slowly back Hannibal into the bed, taking off his shirt and tie one-by-one, and tossing them aside. He undid his trousers and got rid of those too as he toed off his shoes under the bed. “You’ve never been fucked by a man have you?”

Breathless, Hannibal shook his head, his eyes nearly black with lust as he helped Will out of his trousers as well. “No,” he murmured and kissed him, hungrily, biting at his lips. They were free to mark each other now. “This will be my first time with a man.”

Will palmed down the boy’s chest slowly with that revelation, and slipped between his legs. “Then I won’t devour you completely,” he teased, reaching into the bedside drawer for lube when they needed it.

“I would still encourage you to do so,” Hannibal grinned, but he knew what Will meant. Completely nude, save for his socks, he kept his gaze locked onto his beau, his uncut cock hard and jutting straight out.

Will smirked darkly, and laid down between Hannibal’s legs, nosing against the thicket of hair at his groin, taking him in completely like this. He pulled his socks off and tossed them, the dogs going after them as he did. Will groaned at the heady scent and wrapped his mouth around Hannibal’s cock, lapping up the precome.

Hannibal arched his back, all but coming off of the bed as he felt the hot wetness of Will's mouth enveloping his cock. He spread his legs further, heels pressing into the mattress. "Will…" he moaned, drawing out his name in a rough whisper, long fingers tangling in a nest of chocolate curls. "Just like that-"

Will hummed his response, laving his tongue over the slit slowly and then hallowed out his cheeks as he took Hannibal down completely. He let spit dribble down Hannibal's cock, and pressed his finger against his hole with the wetness.

"Yes," Hannibal groaned, jaunted hips working slowly in encouragement. He relaxed his pucker in preparation as he watched his beau do just as he said he would--devour.

Sucking Hannibal down as he pressed his finger into him, slowly, working him open precariously, Will rutting against the bed, working his hardening cock up to lust need, smearing his own precome against the bed. He added another finger, reaching for the lube and slathering more over his appendages.

Hannibal stopped writhing, knowing the stretch would likely burn and took a breath, not moving his eyes from Will as he pinched his nipples. The experience, so far, was everything he imagined it to be and certainly, this experience would be painted and hung in the highest hall of his memory palace. "Mm, Will…"

Will pushed in another finger, carefully, working Hannibal open as he popped off and breathed against the boy's wet cock, gazing up at him like wolf ready to pound his prey. "So tight-"

"Take me, Will, let us consummate our passion," the boy murmured, his breath hitching as licked his lips, seductive and slow. Every nerve ending in his body tingled, all crying out the same name--*Will*.

The hitman removed all his fingers and slathered his own cock with lube, getting on his knees, he knelt between Hannibal's legs, lifting them with his forearms, pressing down into his hole. He waited for that tight rung of muscle to give before he went further, letting out a pleased moan as his cock finally slid all the way in. "Hannibal…"

It felt as though they had been awaiting his moment for months, even if it was only a few days; either way Hannibal was elated the time had finally come. At the breech, he sucked in a sharp breath, nails digging into sheets as he forced himself to relax. The pain turned to pleasure quick enough and he tugged Will down, completely on top of him for a sloppy kiss. "Will…"

Groaning into the kiss, Will stayed right where he was, moving his hips barely an inch to get Hannibal used to his girth and length. "Tell me when," he whispered, biting at the boy's lips.

Hannibal kissed Will again and after a few more minutes, he was fully open and ready, so with a dark glint in his fiery eyes, he whispered back. "Now…"

Will held Hannibal with one hand over his shoulder, the other at his hip as he started to crash their hips together, over and over, the tip of his cock pressed hard against Hannibal's prostate.

“Oh fuck, so tight…”

“Sublime,” Hannibal groaned, taking his nails down Will’s back as their skin slapped together. He snarled, pleasurably, bearing his sharp fangs in encouragement. “Harder, Will.”

Will hooked his arms under Hannibal, bearing most of his weight on his right arm, and held his boy to him as he fucked hard and fast, whipping his hips over and over as the heat began to swell in his lower back, down to his balls, threatening to spill. “Tell me you like it.”

“I more than like it, I love it,” Hannibal growled out, hooking his legs over the backs of Will’s thighs as his own release swirled in his groin with each violent thrust. “Mark me...claim what is yours.”

Will bit down into Hannibal’s shoulder, tonguing over the spot as he brought beads of blood to the surface, lapping them up gently. He bit harder, sucking the bruise into the bite, jaw hinging tighter.

Hannibal gripped Will’s curls, keeping him there as he let out an almost roar of delight. He came then, the pleasure all too much and yet he still wanted more. The boy wanted it all, every bit of his beloved. “Yes…” he moaned, come spurting from his cock and hole clamping impossibly tight. “Ah Will-!”

Hannibal’s cock was rubbed and trapped between their conjoined bodies, milking every last bit of pearly white come against their hard cores. Will groaned at the sticky, warmth, his cock being pulseated around by Hannibal’s heat, pulling out his own orgasm as he all but growled into Hannibal’s shoulder. The boy slipped his legs up higher, around Will’s waist, locking behind him as they rode out the last few waves of orgasm in unison. He pulled his beau over to crash their mouths together, teeth clacking and tongues gliding heatedly.

“Hannibal,” Will whispered against the boy’s mouth, groaning deeply into him as their hips stilled and their hearts pounded together, like trapped birds fluttering rapidly.

“Will,” Hannibal whispered back, and then sucked Will’s lower lip into his mouth, scraping teeth there. He'd been marked, but hadn't returned the act; he would in due time. Definitely. “That was perfect…”

“It’ll be better next time,” Will promised, aware his shoulder hindered a lot, but he did what he could and what he promised his boy.

“If that is the case then I am quite looking forward to that,” Hannibal hummed and kissed him again before carefully rolling Will over to lay atop him. He wanted him to take the pressure off his shoulder. “Because as I said, what we just shared was already magnificent.”

Will smiled up at the boy, giving Hannibal control for now, his body telling him he had to at this point, as the soon to be doctor knew, he would only be able to take so much before failure. “It was. It always be.”

“Yes,” Hannibal smiled back, gazing down at Will as come dribbled out of his hole and over the older man’s balls. He was utterly in love, lost in a sea of emotions that he never wanted to

be rescued from. “That it shall.”

Will cupped Hannibal’s face and kissed him slowly this time, savoring every taste his boy was about, humming lightly against his mouth. It was so soon to be in love, but Will had never felt anything so strong in his life.

Hannibal licked the roof of Will’s mouth, his tongue and each corner there. His actions were just as slow, seeking and searching; he needed to know him by scent and taste alone. What they had was fate, brought together by circumstance. “Decadent, powerful…”

“You definitely are,” Will whispered back, more than happy to spend the rest of their busy day in bed with the dogs lounging around them.

“We both are,” Hannibal offered, murmuring the words as he moved to the side--the uninjured one--to lay next to Will. He nuzzled up against in and breathed in his scent. “I would love nothing more than to wake next to you each day, just like this. At some point, I mean.”

“Nothing stops you from staying here,” Will answered, quietly, fingers carding through Hannibal’s hair softly, holding him against his shoulder there.

He wanted them to eventually settle down in a new home all their own, something without memories of old but at the end of the day, all that mattered was that they were together, so he nodded with a sigh of contentment. It wasn't as though he could go back to where his things were anyways, save to get some clothing, which he'd need to do soon. “Then I will. I appreciate you opening your home to me, Mylimasis.”

Will loved his house and the dogs here, and could never move them, it was one stipulation he had. “As long as you want.”

“And if I said permanently?” Hannibal asked, gazing over at his handsome beau, tracing his scruffy jawline with deft fingers.

“My house is your house, Hannibal,” Will said, turning his head to kiss the boy’s head softly. “But I won’t presume you’d like to live here.”

“While it's true that it is not my usual style, it is the place where *you* dwell,” Hannibal explained, tipping his chin to kiss Will’s lips. “And I would not presume that you would wish to move elsewhere.”

“I have my pack to consider,” Will said, “And I’ve only just returned home, it’d be unfair to leave them again.”

“Your pack would always be welcome,” Hannibal assured, but he would stay with Will there if nothing else.

“I know, but land is an issue, and this is our home,” Will explained, not one to budge where he knew he would settle.

“Then as I stated, I am more than agreeable to staying here,” Hannibal said, fingers trailing down Will’s chest, between his pecs. “Though I wonder if you wouldn't eventually mind an extension of two?”

“For what exactly?” Will asked, brow raised with curiosity.

“A study, and perhaps a master suite for us both,” Hannibal offered, thinking maybe a compromise could be struck. “But as this is your home, I would not wish to impose.”

“I sleep out here to be sure I’m by the door in case of intruders,” Will said, plainly.

Hannibal nodded, not pushing it for now, it would be rude to persist on such things when he was the guest. More than that it had only been a short time since they'd met. “I do need to go to my place and collect a few outfits for the time being, but I also do not wish to leave the bed.”

“They’re probably still processing the scene,” Will told Hannibal as he moved to hold him closer, glad the topic was not persisted. “Might be a few days, might be a few weeks.”

Hannibal knew when to pick his battles, just as he knew that their relationship was still very much like a baby bird in need of care. It would be careless to cast it from the nest now, send it tumbling. The boy, instead, curled around Will, happy there as he listened to his beau's heartbeat. “Then I will need to go to the store to procure some things. I also need to get my car.”

“I prefer you naked,” Will murmured, grasping silky strands of hair, tugging gently just to get a grip on his boy, wanting nothing more than to keep him right where he was.

That earned Will a seductive grin, bordering on a blush as he let the strong older man do as he pleased. Hannibal had no desire to go anywhere either. “I share the sentiment, Mylimasis,” he whispered, gazing lovestruck in the oceans of his beloved’s eyes. “It is primal to be without our clothing. More so if we should ever find ourselves outside.”

Will moved over Hannibal a little and bit at his other shoulder. “It is, just as it is primal that I claim every inch of you as my own.”

“Mm, that is very true, undeniably so,” Hannibal rasped, both hands going into Will’s hair as his cock began to throb at the thought, as well as at the feel of his wolf like beau's teeth. “And I've yet to claim you. Something I would like to rectify in the near future.”

“Anytime you want,” Will whispered, biting down a little harder, but not enough to draw blood, but rather play with the hypersensitive skin there.

“Good,” Hannibal grunted, his voice hitching at that. He lolled his head back, to the side in offering to feel more of Will’s teeth and lips.

Will licked a stripe up Hannibal’s throat, to the chaffing scrape of his scruff around his neck and jaw. “I could eat you whole…”

“A death worthwhile,” Hannibal moaned, his eyes locked in on Will’s every movement. He had never felt so cherished or wanted, and in a way that met his needs, like he did now. “Please, do that again, Will…”

Again, Will dragged his tongue and teeth over Hannibal's neck, a new spot this time, up to his pulse, sucking on the spot gently. “Like this,” he murmured, taking in Hannibal’s musky, sex driven scent.

“Yes,” Hannibal hissed, pleasurably, his hips canting up slightly before lean legs fell open. Will knew exactly how to push all of the boy’s buttons. “Precisely like that.”

Will rolled them once more, Hannibal over him this time, giving the boy exactly what he wanted. “Mark me.”

Hannibal swept his tongue over his lips and started by kissing Will again, moving to his neck to nibble there. He licked to his beloved’s chest, over his heart where he bit down, eyes cast upwards as skin popped and crimson beaded into his mouth. Will hissed at that, but held Hannibal over his heart, forcing his head and bite down over it.

“Harder-”

Hannibal tightened his grip, strong jaw muscles and sharp incisors biting into the muscle as his tongue laved over the wound to collect the blood. He growled in delight, not relenting until told to do so; the boy wanted to make sure the mark would never fade, just like their connection.

“Just like that,” Will groaned, the pain perfectly pleasing to him, as he held Hannibal there, his cock growing hard once more.

The boy gnarled at the wound, sucking the blood from the source as though he was feasting on the very essence of Will Graham himself. “Mm…”

“Get on me. Ride me now,” Will said, his cock stirred fully to life once more, heat boiling hot through his veins.

Hannibal was still prepped and wet from before so he straddled Will, without hesitation. The boy positioned his beau's cock at his hole and lowered down its length with a moan, blood dripping down his chin as he started to grind. “Yes, Will…”

Will’s eyes went dark with lust, holding Hannibal’s hips just there, feet pressed into the mattress to get deep inside of him. He groaned, mouth dropped open. “C’mere,” he crooned.

Hannibal leaned down and began feeding from Will’s mouth, sucking his tongue as their chests pressed together. He bobbed his ass up and down, taking in his lover’s cock over and over again. “Will, ah, you feel exquisite.”

“Keep doing that,” Will whispered roughly as he pressed his finger sinto Hannibal’s hips, their lips only parting long enough to breathe.

Hannibal slid up with his ass, almost to the point where Will out and then ground back down, hard, panting, before doing it again as he kissed him hungrily. “Yes, mm-”

“Look at you-” Will groaned, every hot inch of Hannibal was perfect encased over him, building him right back up to a powerful orgasm that threatened to push him right over.

The boy was sweating, dark blond strands hanging in his eyes as he quickened his pace and bit at Will’s lips. He grasped his face, pulling back to gaze into his eyes as he spoke over his beau's lips. “Look at *you*,” he rasped, his cock trapped between them. He was close also, heat and release churning in his core, waiting to explode. “You are like a wolf, beautiful and entirely dangerous.”

“Somehow you’ve tamed me enough to get this far,” Will whispered roughly, biting at Hannibal’s throat as he pulled him down with one hand to skim his teeth over his Adam’s apple.

With a grunt, Hannibal pressed into Will’s teeth, encouraging as his hips snapped back and forth, swiveling. “I would never wish to tame you completely,” he moaned, his voice husky as his muscles began to tighten with impending release. “But I am pleased you've allowed me past the forts.”

“You jumped them,” Will whispered as he drove up into Hannibal, meeting his hips as they crashed together, biting and mawing into his throat like he was trying to tear it out.

“I did,” Hannibal groaned loudly, the sound bordering on a growl as he gripped Will’s curls tightly. Heat washed over his skin, burning him from the inside out as he felt the world go still. “I'm going to-”

“Please-” Will all but begged to feel his boy coming again, to feel the hot pulse of his insides wrap around his cock.

Hannibal turned his head, clamping his teeth into Will’s neck as stars bursted behind his eyes, hips grinding. His cock spurted out rich, creamy come between them and up his lover's chest, mouth contorting with a roar. “Will-!”

Will held tighter to the boy as his wrenched around his cock, hot and pulsing, milking his own seed from him, as he came with a low, guttural moan. “Hannibal…”

The boy laved over the wound he'd made, crimson stained teeth flashing in the light as his body stuttered to a stop. Hannibal licked a bloody trail to Will’s lips to share a copper tinged kiss as he panted. “I love you…”

Will cupped his boy’s face and kissed him lovingly for that, slowly with tongue and teeth, never too soft. “And I love you.”

“Good,” Hannibal breathed out and slipped off of Will, rolling over onto his beau's uninsured side to curl up next to him.

# Chapter 6

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

A few weeks passed and Hannibal gone to get his things from the home he'd shared with Bedelia. Staying with Will was more than okay, even if it wasn't his particular style.

Today, the young Mob Boss had called a meeting in his office behind the bar, he had a few items to discuss and his relationship with Will was just one.

Walking over to his beau, breakfast eaten and the dogs fed, as well as let out, he wrapped his arms around him from behind and scented him. “I’m ready whenever you are, Mylimasis.”

“Yeah,” Will said, his shoulder mostly healed up now, and their lives settled into place perfectly. It was ideal to Will, but he knew at some point, Hannibal would likely ditch out living there. “Let me get the keys.”

Hannibal kissed the nape of Will's neck and moved back, pocketing his weapon of choice, for now--a linoleum knife--and then clasped his hands behind his back. "Of course."

Will grasped the keys from the counter, locked the back door up so the dogs didn't get out, making sure they were fed. He took Hannibal's hand and lead him out to the car, locking up the house, and then opened the passenger door. Once Hannibal was in, Will slid into the driver's seat, having taken up driving the new mob boss around.

"It is beginning to cool outside," Hannibal began, thinking both literally and metaphorically. "What once was will soon die, only for new life to bloom again."

"Circle of life," Will pointed out, lighting up a smoke as he pulled from the drive and out to the main road, slowly. "The snow will set in, it'll be freezing ass cold, and I'll need to find dog boots for some of the new dogs."

"Yes, just as our own life has taken a turn and in our favor," Hannibal commented, rolling down his window. He buckled up and gazed out into the meadow there. "Dog boots? I did not realize such a thing existed for them. Something from Gucci, might be nice. They do need more stylish collars, wouldn't you agree?"

"If you want," Will shrugged. "Some dogs have very sensitive paws to heat and snow, so I get boots for them just in case."

Hannibal smiled at Will, imaging just for a moment how he might be with a child. There was still a lot to know and learn about his beau. "Better safe than sorry."

"Exactly" Will admitted, blowing smoke out the window, and taking another drag.

"I realize it's early in our relationship but I wonder, Will, are dogs a ready made family of sorts for you? Would you ever desire one of your own?" Hannibal asked, looking out as they neared the city and then back to his beloved.

"Family?" Will asked, canting his head at Hannibal as he blew out more smoke, out the window. "Tried that once. Didn't work out."

"So it is nothing you would try again?" Hannibal asked, just to verify. It was fine with him either way. It was merely a method in which to get to know Will better.

"You want to raise kids in the work we do?" Will asked, flicking his cigarette out the window as he made a turn.

"Not now, no, but once I become a doctor then perhaps we could let someone else take over, flee the country and begin a new life," Hannibal offered, curious to what Will's reaction might be. He took his free hand and laced their fingers together. "Merely questions and suggestions, Mylimasis."

"How old do you think I am?" Will asked, chancing a glance at Hannibal. "Not that it matters. I don't want to do this forever, but I'm not good at much else. Not things that are good for raising families."

“You are hardly *old,* Will,” Hannibal chuckled softly, his boyish, yet aristocratic features lighting up. He met Will’s eyes and saw so much behind them. “Please forget that I brought it up. A discussion best left for another time, should an opportunity present itself.”

Will was silent, grimly so, inner debating what to say to all that. “You wanna adopt or something?”

Hannibal was young and the idea of family with Will was not unappealing but it was also something he didn't require. He kissed his beau's knuckles and rubbed his lips over the thick skin there. “Should you and I come to place where we both wish to do so, I would not be opposed.”

No one would give them a child, not Will anyway. “We’ll see then.”

“Agreed,” Hannibal said, and watched the buildings grow closer. “I do hope I did not upset you.”

“Nah,” Will said, aware he was withdrawn on himself, but honestly he was a quiet man who did his job, but Hannibal had helped bring a better side of him out recently.

“Good,” Hannibal said and then let it go, pulling out his phone to check the time, as well as the stocks he’d invested in.

Will looked over at Hannibal when they stopped at light in town, and then back to the road, taking a right. “You don’t want to do this forever? Keep up the… business?”

“I only had two reasons for getting involved with this lifestyle,” Hannibal began, looking to meet Will’s eyes, “the first was to avenge my sister, Mischa and the second, to be close to you. So no, it is not my great ambition in life but if you enjoy it, we can come to a compromise.”

“You still haven’t found the people who killed your sister,” Will pointed out, with a sigh. “You know, you don’t have to stay in the business. Go to medical school and become a doctor, do just that.”

“I only have a few years left and then I will be a doctor,” Hannibal explained and then his eyes darkened as he thought of Mischa’s killers. “Nigel is assisting me in locating them. I must avenge her death, Will. As for the business, it would look weak if I were to relinquish the title after just being given it, but yes, eventually I do plan on concentrating only on my chosen profession.”

“You’ve never thought about how this association will look for your… business as a doctor? Unless you’re gonna be a mob doctor,” Will suggested.

“It's not an openly known association, the family is discrete and I am even more so,” Hannibal assured but then contemplated the last bit. “However, I suppose being a doctor for the business could prove to be lucrative in various ways. I'll take it under advisement, Will, thank you.”

All it took was one wrong person to talk, and everything could come undone for Hannibal. “Alright.” Will shrugged, pulling up to the bar, he got out.

This was not the tone Hannibal wanted for them to have before having a meeting where he confessed their relationship but he would consider everything his beau said and make a decision. He got out and sighed, walking towards the door to the bar.

Will tugged Hannibal toward him, looking down into his eyes. “Listen. I love you, no matter what we do, where we go, okay?”

“And I you, Will, endlessly,” Hannibal admitted, though he was certainly not discreet about *that,* not with Will. It made him smile though and he nodded, his full lips curving handsomely. “I believe that is what truly matters.”

“I just don’t want you caught up in all this in the end,” Will whispered and kissed Hannibal’s face once, and then his lips.

“Then I will quit. Today, if you wish,” Hannibal whispered back, licking his lips to catch Will’s smoke tinged flavor there. He didn't mind, it was the love of his life. “I do worry how it might reflect on you though.”

“No,” Will sighed, and cupped Hannibal’s face with both hands, kissing him softly. “How what will reflect on me?”

“When they learn of our relationship, they might think you want the position for yourself,” Hannibal explained, quietly, and kissed Will again. “While we know that is certainly not the case, they may not see it that way.”

“Then we don’t tell them, if you’re worried,” Will said, shrugging his shoulders as he gazed down at Hannibal. “I’ve been true to Du Maurier for years, decades.”

“That you have, however, I do not wish to keep our love a secret. But if it will keep you safe, then we shall,” Hannibal said, contemplating. “I will announce that I am relinquishing full power to you.”

“Don’t do that. They won’t turn on me. They know I’ll take them down, Jack’s got my back,” Will said, not wanting to take anything from Hannibal that was rightly his. “They’ll kill *you*.”

“Then I will maintain my position as I work on my studies and attend to my primary agenda item,” Hannibal decided. He was more intelligent than most his age but he still young and with that often impulsive or not entirely certain.

“Whatever you want,” Will said, more than aware how the men could be, and though they didn’t always agree with a younger voice, Will was able to mend reasons.

Hannibal nodded and smiled, kissing him once more for good measure before smoothing down his suit. All white with a matching hat. “Shall we then?”

Will snatched one last kiss from Hannibal and then walked in front of him to get the door for his ‘boss’. What most didn’t see was that Will was the boss, helping with choices and

decisions, as well as in their everyday life.

Hannibal nodded his thanks with a grin and then went inside. Once in, they went to the back office and the boy sat down, clasping his hands together on the table. “Before I begin, is there any news of which I need to be informed?” he asked looking around the table.

Not a word was said as Will eyed every single one of the men, standing behind Hannibal menacingly. With that settled, the young ‘Boss’ began, enjoying the feel of his beau behind him.

“The first order of business is a remodeling of this very bar to encourage more clientele,” Hannibal explained, wetting his lips as he watched for reactions. When there were only nods, he continued. “The next bit is that, as you all know, Will is my most trusted man. If you have any problems, you are to direct them to him, first and foremost. Should he find the issue something that requires my attention, he will bring it to me. Is that understood?”

A few eyed Will, but Jack seemed to have his back, nodding his head enthusiastically. Will had always been the right hand man, with Du Maurier or not. The meeting went on for a bit longer, going over books and jobs and the like. About a half hour later it was over, and Hannibal leaned forward, on his forearms once they cleared out.

“I think it went well, don't you?”

“It did,” Will said, going to shut the door and lock it behind them.

“I thought it might be best to ease them into the transition,” Hannibal said with a purse of his lips as he collected the papers on the table.

“With a plausible reason for your leaving, they won’t be too upset,” Will offered, moving to kiss Hannibal’s cheek gently.

“Quite right,” Hannibal smiled and snaked an arm around Will’s waist. It seemed as though he simply could not get enough time or affection from his lover; he always craved more.

“Has Nigel come up with any leads?” Will asked, carding his hand through Hannibal’s hair, making sure not to mess it up too much.

Hannibal preened into the touch and wet his lips. “He has, in fact. I was going to suggest we stop by after this or we could have that dinner he was wanting and discuss them then?”

“I’m game for either,” Will answered, kissing the top of Hannibal’s hair, very much in charge, but giving the boy the choice. “You do owe him dinner.”

“That I do,” Hannibal hummed and leaned back into Will. He had been wanting to prepare a feast, perhaps tonight would be the perfect time. “Then, since you are open to both, I'll invite him over for dinner tonight.”

“I’ll go out and buy a nice table cloth,” Will suggested, well aware that his home was anything but fancy.

“I would enjoy that,” Hannibal beamed, very expressive at prospect of a shopping trip, even though he knew Nigel would hardly notice or care about a tablecloth. “If that was an invitation, of course.”

“You don’t really trust me to pick out something nice, do you?” Will asked, teasingly, kissing Hannibal’s lips once before taking his hand and pulling the boy to his feet and into his arms. Will had impeccable taste, but he preferred for Hannibal to do the choosing.

Hannibal embraced Will tightly, laughing with boy like charm at that. It was more than he just wanted an outing and any excuse to shop was good enough for him. He kissed him again and smoothed down his shirt. “I certainly do, you chose me after all,” he teased back, mirth in his eyes. “Rather, we chose one another.”

Will kissed Hannibal for that, squeezing him in his arms, and then let go. “Let’s go shop for what we need then.”

“Yes, my love, let’s,” Hannibal sighed with contentment and walked with Will out of the office. He gave a nod to the men and then once in the car, he pulled his phone out. “I'll call Nigel, let him know to come over. Shall we say half past six for supper?”

“That’s fine,” Will said, starting up the car and heading south toward the shopping center to hopefully find something his beau would approve of.

Hannibal called Nigel and after listening to his steady stream of profanity and chuckling, he agreed. The boy shook his head, amused. “He’ll be there.”

“He wouldn’t miss a chance to oggle,” Will agreed with a little smile over at Hannibal as he parked in the lot. He got out and opened Hannibal’s door, reachin for his hand, and locking the car.

Hannibal snarled playfully at that and threaded their fingers together as they walked towards the entrance of the store. “No, I do not suppose he would,” he said l, rubbing his jaw with his free hand. “I will make sure he knows to be respectful.”

“I’m not bothered,” Will said and kissed Hannibal’s cheek.

“I'm relieved you're not,” Hannibal grinned, as the walked in and began to browse. He wasn't really bothered either, he trusted Will, but he *would* speak with Nigel if he got too out of line; the boy could be quite jealous.

Will stayed close with a hand basket, letting Hannibal go about his shopping, keeping his comment mostly to color than anything else. “Tablecloth, plates? I don’t know what you hate at my place and need to replace.”

“Hate is such a strong word, Will,” Hannibal said, avoiding the question directly. There things he did like, love even, but hate was certainly not the case. “Yes, and silverware, wine glasses and a few decorative pieces.”

“Decorative pieces?” Will rolled his eyes, wishing he had gotten a cart and not just the basket in his hands.

“A dinner party is not only the meal but the ambience, the table being a key component. It is nothing without an exquisite center piece,” Hannibal explained, sliding his fingers up to grasp Will’s biceps as dark eyes peered out behind fluttering lashes. “For the centerpiece, I need a few embellishments, decorative pieces. You do wish to see me pleased, do you not, Mylimasis?”

“It’s just your cousin, not a bunch of yuppies from the country club,” Will pointed out, raising a brow at Hannibal’s attempts to woo him over.

“Very well, perhaps we should get pillows and eat on the floor, Indian style,” Hannibal smirked, with a brooding sigh.

“Bit insensitive of you, isn’t it?” Will murmured. “It’s more of a dinner, not a dinner party. Nigel won’t give a fuck about decor.”

“He may not, but I do,” Hannibal countered, with a little huff as they walked over to the table cloths. He'd compromised a lot, he didn't understand why he couldn't go all out for one dinner gathering. “I merely wished to indulge a bit…”

Will knew if he gave an inch, he’d be giving a mile soon enough. He had to stamp out the behavior before it took over. “No one will care but you.”

“Then tablecloths and plates it shall be,” Hannibal said, let down but he just barely let it show. “What pattern would you have me select, then?”

“Whatever you want. I don’t use them otherwise,” Will insisted, aware that he’d upset his little beau, but there were lines, and had nowhere to store… centerpieces.

With a curt nod, and a feeling of being robbed of the opportunity to try to impress his beloved, Hannibal selected the tablecloth and a few pieces of china. He purposely didn't get any too garish. “I presume there is nothing that you need?”

“I’m a man of simple means,” Will said, who put all his worth into clothing for the job, not his house or means of living.

“Then I'm ready,” Hannibal said and pulled out his wallet, walking towards the checkout. The pouting boy put the items on the counter, looking anywhere but at Will for the moment.

Will set the set the basket aside once empty and let the clerk ring them up. He bent low into Hannibal ear, whispering, “you better knock it off, or I’m going to put you right over my knee when we get home, and you won’t be able to sit during dinner.”

An intriguing proposition, Hannibal thought to himself. One on hand it would be quite the spectacle for Nigel to witness, the boy squirming in pain in his seat but on the other, he would very much enjoy the act itself. After paying, he took the bag and his dignity won over. “My

apologies then," he grinned and held out his hand in offering. "Let's save that for a time when I won't be entertaining my foul mouthed cousin."

Will took his hand and lead Hannibal out to his car once more. "Worried he might notice?"

"He would certainly be able to tell," Hannibal chuckled, canting his head towards his handsome boyfriend. "And it is not something I would soon hear the end of."

"How horrible for you." Will opened Hannibal's door for him and then shut it once more, and got in on the other side.

"Am I to understand that you delight in my torment?" Hannibal smirked, licking his lips at the thought. He buckled up, bag in his lap.

"As much as you delight in mine, you little fiend," Will said with a devilish look in his eyes before starting up the car.

"What a pair we make," Hannibal chuckled and reached over to grip Will's thigh, edging towards his groin but moving it away just shy from the destination. *Delighting in torment indeed.*

Will shook his head and lit up a cigarette. "Alright, alright, enough out of you. Grocery store?"

"I prefer the market and an ethical butcher," Hannibal said in answer, sure that it would only garner him another eye roll or sigh.

"Where is that?" Will asked, unsure where in town to go for that. No eyes rolls yet.

"On fifth street," Hannibal answered, pleased Will didn't seem to mind. He set the bag in the backseat, carefully reaching around to do so. "And the butcher is on seventh."

Will pulled out and headed for the first location first. I didn't take long to get there, and he was helping Hannibal out of the car once more, taking his hand. The boy took him down aisle after aisle, selecting the items needed for dinner and soon enough they were done. He paid and grabbed half the bags.

"Ready for the butcher," Hannibal grinned, more than content at the selection of fresh fruits and vegetables he found, along with various spices.

Back to the car and then the butcher, Will let Hannibal go in alone for that, taking a few calls about the business while he did. Hannibal didn't take too long, and soon enough he returned with two paper bags full of meat.

"There we are," the boy said, getting into the car after putting the meat in the back. "Now we can go home, unless you have somewhere you need to stop?"

Will shook his head, pocketing his phone, and started the car up. "All set to help you set up dinner," he said with a grin, leaning to kiss Hannibal once.

Hannibal chuckled and licked his lips before buckling up as he looked at the time on his watch to start mentally planning dinner. “Excellent, Mylimasis.”

They got home and Will took all the bags inside, his shoulder no longer bothering him, or stitching pulling. “What can I do to help?” he asked, letting the dogs out the back door.

As he began to unload the bags, Hannibal flitted his eyes over to Will and smiled. “Please set the table and select a wine, if you wouldn't mind?”

Will set the cloth out on the table, and set it with plates and silverware, and then napkins, that he folded to his best ability. He went to the wine storage closet Hannibal had set up, and picked a red. “Will this work?”

“Perfect,” Hannibal hummed, meat marinating now as he went to start on the vegetable. That was when he heard a knock on the door. He pursed his lips. “He's early…he certainly is set on getting under my skin already.”

“I’ll get it,” Will insisted. He wiped his hands on his slacks once and then opened the door, dogs clammering in from the back to sniff at the new comer.

Nigel was dressed in an all black suit, no tie, just a couple buttons undone to expose his tuft of blond chest hair as he leaned against the doorframe. He canted his head and grinned, wolfishly as he unabashedly drank Will in. “And so we meet again, gorgeous.”

“Come on in, Nigel,” Will said, opening the door a little further as the dogs sniffed and pawed, but then settled.

“Thanks,” Nigel said, sauntering in with confidence. He stooped down to pet each once, playing with them. “I fucking love dogs.”

“Hello, Nigel,” Hannibal said, walking over after drying off his hands, the food in the oven. “How delightful that you greet everyone but your very own blood.”

Nigel snorted and stood up, offering his hand. “Don't get your satin panties in a bunch, cousin,” he smirked and shook Hannibal's hand before letting go, ignoring the scoff he received.“Smells good. Eh, Will, be a darling and get me a beer?”

“We have wine for the evening,” Will said, having not stocked up on the beer, he was whiskey or nothing. “Sorry.”

“Whatever, darling, as long as it's wet and alcoholic,” Nigel said, mirth in his tone as he gestured idly. “I'll take some wine, sure.”

Will gave Hannibal a look and went to open the wine, leaving Hannibal with his cousin for the time being. Will poured up a few glasses.

“Nigel,” Hannibal began, walking his cousin over to sit down on the couch. “I would appreciate it if--”

“Yeah, yeah, I know, you don't like how I'm sizing up your ah...he your daddy or boyfriend?” Nigel interrupted, pulling out his cigarettes. “Hard for me to behave around someone like that but I suppose I can reel it in.”

“Good, thank you,” Hannibal said with warning in his tone as he put his slender hand atop a scarred one. “And while you're at it, smoking is reserved for the porch.”

“Goddamn, so many fucking rules here,” Nigel huffed and then got up to walk over to get the wine. He stood near Will and held out his hand. “I'll have mine while I smoke, darl--excuse me, I meant, Will.”

Will chuckled and hande done of the glasses over. “It won’t taste as good with smoke. I suggest a whiskey for that.”

“And you said there was only fucking wine available for the evening,” Nigel snorted and downed the wine in a few big chugs. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and raised a playful brow. “Holding out on me...that's bad manners, you know that right?”

“Trying not to ruin your meal,” Will said with a look, and patted Nigel’s shoulder.

“Kind of you,” Nigel grinned and forced himself not to chase the pat with one of his own--right over Will’s round ass. He decided he needed to go smoke. “I'll leave you two love birds alone while I get my nicotine fix.”

Once Nigel was out the door, Hannibal walked over and hooked his arms around Will’s neck, sighing playfully. “I keep envisioning all the ways in which I would like to see him suffer, each time he looks at you in such a way.”

Will nuzzled against Hannibal’s face with his own. “He’s been at it for years. I’ve never once indulged him.”

Hannibal smiled at that and turned his face slightly to kiss Will’s cheek, then his lips, once. “I'm relieved to hear it, my love.”

“He’s too much of a… I dunno…” Will shrugged, but kissed Hannibal again, longer this time. “Doesn’t matter.”

“A barbarian?” Hannibal offered, cheekily and then plunged his tongue into Will’s mouth to chase his beau's.

“I wouldn’t go that far, he’s not so horrible,” Will murmured, grinning against Hannibal’s mouth as he doted on the boy.

“No?” Hannibal whispered, grinning back as he slid his hands down Will’s muscular back and sucked his lower lip into his mouth. “How far would you go then? Oaf, perhaps?”

“He is who he is. Your cousin for one,” Will pointed out, whispering the words into Hannibal’s mouth, not one to judge to harshly.

Hannibal found Nigel amusing and he loved him, in his own way, the gruff Romanian also served a purpose. “Yes, quite right, Mylimasis,” he murmured and then pressed up against Will, kissing him deeply.

“Don't let me fucking interrupt or nothing,” Nigel chuckled, sitting down on the couch. “Though if you two keep it up, I may need to excuse myself to the bathroom.”

“You haven’t seen anything,” Will shot over his shoulder, squeezing Hannibal to him once before letting go.

“Only gets kinkier from there I bet,” Nigel said, and then got up to walk over to the bar to pour himself that whiskey.

Hannibal shook his head and then kissed Will’s cheek. “I'll go check on supper. It smells ready.”

“Alright,” Will said, setting the wine glasses on the table, topping them off.

Nigel finished his whiskey and the sat down at the table, just as Hannibal brought over their supper. He set the pot down before taking a seat himself.

Before the boy could announce it, Nigel grinned, licking his lips. “You made my fucking favorite, Hannibal, you're a real star chef, a goddamned culinary genius.”

“Thank you, Nigel, but it is only pot roast, with embellishments of course,” Hannibal answered, though he basked in the praise. It wasn't precisely something he made a habit of making but he hoped a good meal would garner favor and calm the rough edged Romanian.

Will laughed and sat down, serving them both up and then himself. “It smells and looks wonderful, Hannibal.”

“Thank you, Mylimasis,” Hannibal smiled, his warm amber eyes gazing into sea blues. The boy took his silverware and hand, waiting.

Nigel didn't delay and he took a big bite, humming around the fork. “Fucking goddamn delicious.”

Will tried not to laugh, and cut into his meal slowly, and savored it. He didn’t have the best manners, but living abroad had helped. He sipped the wine, and though the meal was homely, it was perfectly suited. Even without a centerpiece.

It was safe to say that Hannibal had not forgotten about the centerpiece debacle, but at the moment, he was more appalled at the way his cousin was eating like a pig digging into its trough. He cut his eyes to Will and arched a brow, then grinned before taking a bite. “I'm pleased you like it, both of you.”

“Fuck yeah, Hannibal, may have to take some left over or some shit,” Nigel said, enthusiastically with his mouth full.

Will held a hand over his mouth as he chuckled. This was exactly why he insisted on not having a centerpiece, as it would have gone to waste on someone like Nigel. “You can take all you like.”

“Well, not *all* that I'd like to take back to my place,” Nigel grinned and then looked at Hannibal when he heard him clear his throat. “Any fucking ways, thanks. I'll do that.”

Hannibal thumbed over the knife on the table and licked his lips before taking another bite, chewing and swallowing. “No, not *all*,” he confirmed and then ran his foot up Will’s leg, discreetly, as if he were laying claim. It wasn't necessary of course, but he liked that *he* had the privilege being the one who could do so. “We’ll make sure you have plenty to take home.”

Will gave Hannibal a look as he took his last bite, eyes dark as smiled a little. “Now, now, plenty of leftovers.” He cleared his throat. “Nigel, Hannibal says you may have found something on the mobsters that took his sister?”

The amused look on Nigel’s face turned to one of seriousness as he swallowed and nodded. “Yeah, I'm pretty sure I located the pieces of shit. They stay one town over, on pike road,” he explained, tone angry and rough. He was violent but he didn't rape and certainly never hurt kids. “I have the address and their names written down.”

Hannibal’s foot was back on the floor, his eyes dark as he listened. He wanted to get up then, take the address and go over there right in that instant but he knew he needed to wait. Just a little longer. “Thank you, Nigel. I am in your debt,” he said, his tone calm despite the rage inside. “I look forward to attending to them, personally.”

“Yeah, don't mention it, eh? I just wish I could be there to see those fuckers get what's coming to them,” Nigel said, before taking a drink of his wine. “Maybe Will here can go with you and let me know all the details.”

“We might need more than just the two of us,” Will mentioned, well aware how rivals worked.

“Well, you know I'm more than fucking happy to offer my services,” Nigel suggested and then looked to Hannibal, who nodded.

“That might be better. I can get Jack on this, he’s big, a good shot,” Will suggested, drinking his wine.

“I only require one man for myself, to do with as I please,” Hannibal chimed in, not wanting to let the others do it all though he was all on board with having them there to help. The boy knew it was necessary and would save time.

“That’s fine,” Will said, “we’ll take care of the rest, you pick the one you want.”

As Nigel nodded his agreement, Hannibal finished his food, wiping his mouth and then sipped his wine. “Excellent, Mylimasis, thank you. Both of you.”

# Chapter 7

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the wonderful feedback and enjoying the ride with us. This fic is officially part of a series, you can click the series above to subscribe to it when we put up the next story of it! Please, kudo and comment if you enjoyed this and help us get the word out by joining us on tumblr and reblogging this fic or any other fics of ours you enjoyed!

Going after Dolarhyde and his gang wasn't something Will particularly looked forward to. He smoked his cigarette in the car as they waited on Jack and Nigel to show, and whoever else decided they wanted in on this beat down. Securing The Dragon's territory was an all around good idea, it meant more work, more money… and Hannibal got his vengeance.

"You want to take down Francis yourself? He's… big," Will explained to Hannibal as they waited, blowing smoke out the window slowly.

Hannibal canted his head towards Will and licked his lips in contemplative thought. "Not the first man with size that I've taken apart, I assure you," he said and leaned over to kiss his beau's cheek. "However, we could always do so together. I merely wish for one, to do with as I please."

“There’s a lot of ‘em, you’ll have your pick,” Will said, taking another drag and then took Hannibal’s hand, squeezing it.

“Quite right,” Hannibal hummed and lifted Will’s hand to brush his lips over his knuckles. “How long have you been smoking, Will?”

“Probably longer than you’ve been alive,” Will answered with a wispy smile, watching Hannibal with delicate care in his eyes as he puffed another long take of his addiction.

“Should you ever wish to quit-” Hannibal began only to see his cousin sauntering up to the car.

Nigel leaned in on Will’s side and winked, as Jack pulled up behind them. “Hello, gorgeous,” he said and then when he saw the glare from his cousin, snorted. “Yeah, yeah, hello Mister uptight Lecter.”

As Nigel got in the backseat, and lit up a smoke, Hannibal turned to look at him with a sigh. “Nigel.”

“Can we please remain on the same side so we don’t all kill each other instead of the Dragons?” Will asked, brow raised toward Hannibal mostly.

“I'll behave,” Hannibal grinned, looking back at Will with mirth in his eyes. It was how things had always been between he and Nigel really but at the heart, there was love.

“Anything you say, blue eyes,” Nigel added as Jack got in the back, next to Nigel.

“If we’re ready, let’s go.” Jack said, roughly.

Will started up the car and flicked the cigarette out the window. The other boys would come on their own, but this was Will’s squad, this was their team. He drove them to the last known club for the Dragons and parked a block down the street. He got out and popped the trunk, pocketing his own gun, a knife, and some steel string, just in case.

The other three men all piled out, Jack and Nigel getting their guns ready and Hannibal with his knife. The boy walked over to Will and placed his hands in his pockets. “Are we going to split up or all go in as a team?”

“Better that you and I stay together and Nigel and Jack stay together. More coverage that way,” Will explained, handing Hannibal a gun, just in case, whether he used it or not.

Hannibal knew how to use one, of course, but he didn't like them. Still, it wouldn't hurt to have it on hand so he nodded his understanding and tucked it into his suit coat pocket. “Good idea.”

“Yeah, so, Jack and I'll head around back then, you to get the front, hm?” Nigel suggested, blood thrumming in his ears. He was excited, ready for the kill. Jack flicked his cigarette and cocked his gun, signaling he was ready.

“You two watch your asses, you hear?”

“Don’t worry about us,” Will said, giving Jack a look. They’d been partners a while before Will left for a few years, but they were family either way. “We’ll be alright.

Hannibal watched as Jack nodded and Nigel smirked, both men walking away towards the Dragons’ lair. The boy leaned in and kissed Will, once, and then took a breath. “Shall we?”

Will gestured Hannibal forward, following up behind him, gun drawn, cocked and ready to shoot. “After you.”

“Very well,” Hannibal said, testing the door knob, surprised when it was unlocked. He opened it, his knife held ready in his other hand as he looked around, seeing no one yet. From the back, however, he heard gunshots, footsteps.

A roar came from the side, not near Nigel or Jack, but Will knew the distinct sound anywhere. Dolarhyde had his reputation, after all. Two men came out, guns drawn. Will shot one in the shoulder, sending him reeling back, the other shot at Hannibal, missing, and then Will, only grazing his shirt. Hannibal snarled, and lunged at the one who'd shot at them, plunging the knife into his carotid artery, dragging it across in an act that nearly decapitated the man. Will put another bullet into the one he’d shot, right in the head this time, both dead. Convinced Hannibal was fine, he moved along toward the roaring, moving slow, rounding the corners.

He kicked a door in knocking another man to the ground with the force. He shot him, too, only to be faced with the mangled one of Dolarhyde. Rumor was, his grandmother messed his face up when he was kid, but as far as Will knew, those were just rumors.

“Mister Graham,” Dolarhyde growled, blue eyes ablaze as he prowled around the table keeping them apart. “What do I owe the pleasure?”

“Oh, you know… murder,” Will said as he shot off a round at the other man, who lunged over the table at Will and pushed him up against the wall, so quick Will couldn’t even breathe for a second.

Dolarhyde pulled a knife to Will’s face, watching his eyes, so close Will could feel his breath on his skin. “A shame to fuck up such a pretty face.”

“Then don’t,” Will muttered.

“Too late,” Dolarhyde said and shoved the knife through Will’s cheek, into his upper jaw bone. He disarmed Will and held the gun up to the door, waiting, as Will dropped to the ground, spurting blood out onto the cement floor.

Hannibal ran into the room. Seeing Will on the floor, he growled at Dolarhyde and went straight for him. That was when he heard a pop, and felt a sharp pain in his stomach, warm liquid spilling down his shirt. The boy stumbled back against the wall and slid down it as more gunshots resounded from the back of the large hideout. Dolarhyde was over Hannibal, sneering, and then before he could put another one in him, the knife in Will’s face was in his thigh, and Will latching on to his waist, trying to bring him down.

Dolarhyde kicked Will off and pulled the knife out, back turned from Hannibal, the gangster roared at Will and grasped him around the neck, shoving the knife into his shoulder. “Should have stayed down, Graham.”

Hannibal managed to get to his feet and without preamble, jumped on Dolarhyde’s back, wrapping an arm around his throat to get him to let Will go. Dolarhyde roared, trying to throw the young man off his back, but to no avail. Will pulled the knife from his shoulder, dripping blood down his face, spilling from his wounds, as his eyes met Hannibal’s over Dolarhyde’s shoulder.

A feral look played over Hannibal’s face as he gazed back at Will and gripped the Dragon’s hair to pull his head back, leaning forward. He felt the rush of euphoria as he sunk his fangs into Dolarhyde’s throat and began to tear it out, blood pouring into his mouth. In that moment, Will lunged and stabbed the knife through Dolarhyde’s stomach, slicing him open, blood spilling all over.

Will dropped the knife and collapsed on the ground, panting. Hannibal staggered, as the Dragon fell from the proverbial sky, and made it over to his beau, offering a shaky hand as he grunted and tried to catch his breath.

“You’re shot,” Will said with a breathy, shaking voice, and let Hannibal help him to his feet.

“And you need several stitches,” Hannibal said, roughly as his breath quickened from the pain and blood loss. He clutched onto his beloved and gazed at him through love filled eyes. “Even still, this is all I ever wanted, for both of us…”

Will chuckled at that, holding on to Hannibal, keeping him up as much as he could, arm up and under him. “Don’t get mushy on me now,” he whispered, but there was worry in his eyes as he heard more footsteps coming, hoping it was Nigel and Jack.

“Fuck, what a goddamned bloodbath!” Nigel bellowed, walking into the room and stepping over Dolarhyde, just as Hannibal had been about to reply. The Romanian was covered in blood, a gash in his side, though nothing too bad and Jack followed in after him.

“Yeah, Hannibal needs a hospital though,” Will said, barely keeping the boy up in his arms, shoes slicked with the blood at their feet, a pool of conjoined crimson.

Nigel walked over to his cousin, and picked Hannibal up, as Jack went to help as well, to get both men back out to the car.

“I'll drive,” Jack said, rubbing his free hand over his face as Nigel nodded and lead them out.

Will handed the keys over, holding his shoulder, but held himself up, hiding the pain. He’d just had that wound healed, dammit. Out in the car, he got into the back with Hannibal, and applied pressure with a towel he kept back there, as Jack pulled out of the driveway.

“Gonna be alright, kid.”

Hannibal was in pain, but his face hardly showed it, save for his breathing. He looked over at Will, offering a smile as his vision started to blur, and Nigel glanced back to check on him. “Thank you, Mylimasis.”

Will was worried, he knew Hannibal well enough to know when the stoic features showed even a hint of pain. His own was hardly worse, but he had lost enough blood that he was paling the same tone as Hannibal. “Not too far…”

Hannibal nodded and flitted his eyes over Will’s wounds. He could stitch and dress them himself, were he not injured. “I can only hope the doctors and staff know how to properly attend to both of our wounds,” he grinned, faintly, trying to reassure his beau that he was still himself. “The most important thing is that the dragon and his men are dead and we're alive.”

“Yes, it’ll be fine,” Will said, not sure if anything would be as good as Hannibal, but they had no choice at the moment.

Jack pulled in front of the ER as Nigel got out to get a wheelchair for Hannibal and once he had it, opened the door for them. “Here, fucking curb service, eh?” he grinned and then held his hand out to Will to help him and his cousin out.

Will managed, both having bled all over the backseat of his car. He helped Hannibal into the chair first, and Jack took the car to park it as they hobbled into the emergency room front door. He got the attention of a nurse, who got Hannibal quickly into surgery, and Will was forced to fill out paperwork first since his injuries were hardly life threatening.

Nigel sat with Will while Hannibal was being tended to. “You okay there, blue eyes?” he asked, head canted. He'd need a few stitches himself, in his side, but he'd handle it later, no fucking doctors were going to touch him. “Fucking shame that asshole got you right in the face and Hannibal will be alright. He's too much of a little shit to die, you know?”

“He’s young and healthy,” Will nodded, blood starting to clot in his face, his shoulder, too, but he was still oozing. The nurse came by and Will handed her the clipboard back, the sheet stained with his own blood, which he made no apologies for.

“How about we fucking get him back into a room before he bleeds all over this ugly ass floor!” Nigel called out, not caring when people looked at him, he flicked off one old man who was shaking his head before turning back to Will. “These motherfuckers don't get in any sort of a hurry…”

“If you aren’t dying, you aren’t priority,” Will murmured, all but hushing Nigel. However, a nurse came over to help clean up the mess and then motioned for Will to follow. Will looked at Nigel. “Staying here or coming? Hannibal will be awhile.”

“Coming,” Nigel said, standing up as Jack walked over. The big, gruff man patted Will’s uninjured side and put his sunglasses into his shirt pocket. “I'll go down to the cafeteria and get a coffee. Call me when you're done.”

Will nodded a thanks to Jack as he followed the nurse. She handed him a gown and he stripped down to his pants only, and left one side free of the gown so they could stitch him up

easier. The nurse set him up with an IV first, and then started to clean the wounds. Nigel walked around, staying out of the way as he went to the sink and took some paper towels to clean his wound. He had no boundaries and just did whatever the fuck he needed to. When the nurse cut him a look, he winked at her.

“He needs stitches too, but he won’t ask,” Will whispered to the nurse, shrugging his good shoulder as she cleaned the knife wound there.

Nigel sniffed a little snarl then to Will but took off his shirt, setting the black bowler style top down as he winced, quietly. “I guess since you're so beautiful, darling, I'll let you fix me up,” he decided, grinning at the nurse as she finished up Will’s stitches.

“Please have a seat, Sir and I'll do just that.”

“Yes, ma'am,” Nigel snorted and sat down, smirking at Will. The Romanian was an equal opportunity sort of man when it came to someone he wanted--male or female, it didn't matter.

The nurse had to leave stitches for Will’s mouth for a doctor, unfortunately, but more fortunate for Nigel. Will rolled his eyes, pulling his bloody shirt back on for now, leaving it unbuttoned as the nurse got to working on Nigel.

“What's your name gorgeous?” Nigel asked, his tone honeyed as she began stitching him now that wound was clean.

The nurse did not oblige Nigel, however, strictly professional, and kept stitching him as Will gave Nigel a look. The doctor walked in and immediately had Will open his mouth, and then squirted disinfectant into the wound.

“You might lose the tooth,” the doctor said.

“Oh well,” Will murmured.

“I’ll stitch it shut and give you some antibiotics.” The doctor got to work.

Nigel looked up at the board, Nurse Gabi would be seeing him again real soon. He did have a thing for redheads after all. The Romanian looked at the doctor then, scratching his scruff. “How's Hannibal’s surgery going?”

Will gave Nigel a side look since he couldn’t answer, but the doctor chuckled. “The young foreigner? He’s doing fine. Figures he might have been with you boys. You all look roughed up.”

Nigel was about to point out the the U S of fucking A was a country founded by immigrants and that the *doctor* was the real foreigner, when he saw Nurse Gabi bend over. He coughed and nodded, not looking at anything but her ass. “Yeah, I like it rough… I mean *we* got roughed up,” he said, clearly distracted. “Glad he's good and all though, Doc.”

Will blinked as the doctor stitched him up slowly, carefully. The doctor gave the nurse a look who shrugged. Nigel had been writing something down, on one of the hospital pads with a

pen and slid it in her scrub pocket as she left. He crossed his arms and waited for the Doctor to finish. Finally, the doctor was done, and gave Will a paper with a prescription on it.

“Sit tight though, let the medication in the IV work first, you well on your way to infection otherwise.” And the doctor left.

“I'm glad you're all patched up,” Nigel said, his own side throbbing but he hardly minded. “Did you see the ass on that nurse though? Not as nice as yours but still...”

“I wasn’t watching or looking,” Will murmured, his mouth sounding like it was full of cotton.

“Good,” Nigel grinned and leaned back in the chair, stretching out his long legs. “Wonder if they'll keep Hannibal overnight?”

“He was shot in the stomach. He’ll be here awhile,” Will sighed through his teeth.

“Yeah, guess so,” Nigel said quietly with a nod, pulling out his phone. “I'll take Jack home then, yeah? I assume you're staying here?”

“I was told to sit tight, so I guess I should,” Will sighed. “Take my car, drop him, and come back?”

“Yeah, if that's alright,” Nigel answered, running his hand through his hair. “I can bring you back some clothes or something if trust me in your house.”

“Key is on the chain. Could you feed the dogs and let them out for a bit?” Will asked, thankful for the friend he had in Nigel, all things considered.

“You got it, blue eyes,” Nigel grinned and texted Jack to meet him out front. He had a bit of feelings for Will in all honesty, but friendship was good enough for him. Maybe in another life. “I'll be back in a few hours then.”

“Thanks, Nigel,” Will said, realizing just now that he had more than antibiotics running through his system, but a bit of pain relief too.

“Of course,” Nigel said, standing up and stretching carefully, pulling out his cigarettes in prep. “I'm at your service, hm?”

“Thanks, again, Nigel,” Will said with a drowsy looking smile in his half lidded, drugged eyes.

“Enjoy the ride, gorgeous,” Nigel smirked and then walked out, whistling at Gabi as his boots clacked down the hall.

A few minutes later a male tech came in to check on Will. “How are you feeling, Mister Graham?”

“Just fine,” Will said, lazily, feeling the effects much harder now than he had realized before.

“Good,” the tech smiled and turned down the morphine drip a bit. He checked his vitals and made some notes. “Mister Lecter is out of surgery, no complications. He's in room 342, if you wish to see him but he is a bit out of it.”

“I’d rather be there either way,” Will said, willing to get on his feet and wheel him damn self down there.

“I'll help you there,” the tech insisted, and then moved a wheelchair close, transferring the I.V. bags over, offering his hands to assist Will into the chair.

“Thanks,” Will muttered, only taking what he needed, mostly fumbling because of the pain medication. He got into the chair, something like relief washing over him.

“You're welcome,” the tech said and the pushed Will out of the room, to the elevator. After a few more turns down various halls, he wheeled him in Hannibal’s room where he was dozing in and out, machines beeping. “I'll leave you two alone, here's the call button if you or he needs anything.”

“Thanks again,” Will murmured, trying not to bite on the stitches in his cheek, scrunching up his nose when he accidentally did.

The commotion brought Hannibal out of the light nap and he looked over at Will, smiling. “What a pair we make,” he chuckled, his eyes glazed over and dilated.

Will got up from the chair and stumbled over to Hannibal and laid his head on the bed next to his. “Yeah…”

“There is room for two, if I move over a bit,” Hannibal giggled, feeling light and more boyish than normal due to the cocktail of drugs. “Are you feeling well or better? I need to look at the stitchwork.”

“It’s fine,” Will slurred a little and gently pushed Hannibal over a bit. He finally kicked off his shoes as they clacked against the white floor tiles. He crawled in with Hannibal, contented now.

“But the dragon is dead, justice served,” Hannibal hummed, leaning into Will. He felt better too, just having him near. “Where's Nigel and Jack?”

“Nigel is taking Jack home and checking on the dogs,” Will murmured, sighing heavily.

“Kind of him,” Hannibal said with a yawn, his eyes drooping again. “Hopefully he will stay clear of your personal things, such as your underwear.”

Will snorted, laughing out loud. “Does he snoop underwear often?”

“Perverted thing he is,” Hannibal laughed back, shaking his head in the affirmative. “I wouldn't put it past him.”

“He might, but what can I do from here?” Will hummed.

“Valid point,” Hannibal said, starting to fall asleep, happy Will was there. “I love you.”

“I love you, too” Will murmured, snuggling into Hannibal.

Hannibal could endure the wound of another, but never losing Will. As long as they had each other, even injured like this, he was happy. Snuggling back into his lover's embrace, he fell into a deep slumber.

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Weeks passed and finally everyone was healing up fine. Hannibal finally out of bed, and Will out of the sling he was forced to keep his arm in. He did lose the tooth, but nothing terrible came of it, fortunately. Another meeting with the group, however, to make sure their territories were covered after taking of The Dragons’ part of the city. They all sat around, having added a few men, plus Nigel to the mix, Will at Hannibal’s right, the only one standing.

Hannibal thumbed through some papers briefly and then stacked them, setting them aside as he cleared his throat. “You've all done remarkably, adjusting not only to the change within our family but the additions to it,” he began, looking around at the men. “I've gathered you here not only for the aforementioned but also because I am going to ask that you adapt to one more change. I'm stepping down from my leadership position, and passing the torch onto my beloved Will. I feel as though he would better serve you all in my stead, not only in experience but in time spent assisting my departed wife. If there are any opposed, now is your chance to speak up.”

Everyone had worked with or under Will at some point, and not a word was said about. Will merely stood there, holding his ground on it and then placed his hands over Hannibal’s shoulders, squeezing.

“Changing won’t be much. We do business as we always do, with trust and integrity to each other. We watch each other’s backs,” Will said.

“Agreed,” Hannibal said and then rose, ceremoniously giving Will the main seat. Nigel stood also and brought a chair for Hannibal to sit in, next to Will before he took his seat again.

“First order of business,” Will started, sitting down, hands folded on the table, “We clean out the Dragon territory and set up a few watches, nick off any stragglers we might find. Last thing we need is an up rising.”

“Here fucking here,” Nigel agreed and then closed his mouth, when Hannibal leveled him a look. It was hard for him to do that but he didn't want to be disrespectful to the gorgeous new leader.

“Thank you, Nigel,” Will said, and then waved them all off, he would have one on one meetings later.

Everyone left, save for Hannibal, who looked over at Will and smiled. “I think that went well. You are much better suited for the role than I.”

“Maybe, maybe not, I’ve done this most of my life, you haven’t,” Will explained, and tugged Hannibal into his lap, holding him there. “I like being the boss of you better, though.”

Hannibal chuckled and hooked his arms around Will’s shoulders, peering down at him. “I prefer it as well, actually,” he grinned, and leaned in to kiss him. “I believe I am better suited to be a doctor, and in this family of ours, I'm certain to be useful in that regard.”

“The mob’s doctor, it works,” Will said with a grin, kissing Hannibal’s lips once.

“Yes,” Hannibal smiled, wistfully and licked the taste of his beau from his lips. “Perhaps I'll even have more time to engage in the culinary arts. I've had so little as of late.”

“You sound like my cousin I visited abroad while I was there,” Will murmured, kissing Hannibal’s neck and then nipped at it.

“I wasn't aware you had a cousin that you visited,” Hannibal breathed, distracted by the attention his neck was receiving.

“How would you know?” Will murmured, smiling. “He’s from Los Angeles, but he lives in Paris as the moment, trying to be a chef and open his own place.”

“I would like to meet this cousin at some point,” Hannibal smiled, thinking of the city of romance and all its beauty. “A good excuse to visit Paris, wouldn't you agree?”

“We won’t have to. He ran into some trouble, he’s coming this way for a visit,” Will explained, looking at Hannibal for a reaction.

Hannibal wanted to go on a trip but perhaps another time; he canted his head and pursed his lips. “That's unfortunate, is he in a similar line of work then?” he asked, and then added, “Either way I do look forward to his arrival. Hotel or our home?”

“Our home,” Will said, not about to turn family away. “He’s a good kid, I promise. He just has a little trouble with keeping his nose clean.”

“Of course,” Hannibal smiled and leaned in again to kiss Will. He wouldn't ask his beau to send his cousin away, that would be quite rude. Beyond that, he was curious to see what trouble this young man was in. “I'm certain he will be a delight, Mylimasis. It is kind of you to open your home.”

“He did the same for me once,” Will murmured, and kissed Hannibal softly. “It won’t be bad, I promise. You two might just get along.”

“I believe we might, especially since he has a love for the culinary,” Hannibal smiled, lashes fluttering as he gazed at Will. He was happy, Mischa had been avenged and he and his beau were moving smoothly through the course of their relationship. “When will he be arriving?”

“Tomorrow. His name is Jack Ganzer.”

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This whole fic was inspired by a song that had absolutely nothing to do with the fic at all but reminded Destinyawakened of Pulp Fiction and so the idea stemmed. Here's the song

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